A CENSER

POEMS BY
MRS. V. G. RAMSEY

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BY

MRS. V. G. RAMSEY.

Mrs. U. G. Ramsey.

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DEDICATION.

To the many friends in many places who have cheered my life by their kindness, and to the memory of him whose name I bear, this book is inscribed.

To you whose partial friendship has demanded the book, I commend it, assured that your love will cover its faults. It is but the aftermath of a busy life, that has been reaped close by the hand of care, leaving small space for the growth of the flowers of poesy. If for my sake you find pleasure in it, and if it awakens in any heart a desire to honor God and to bless the world by a high and holy life, my highest ambition will be satisfied. VIENNA G. RAMSEY.

Dover, N. H., Oct. 24, 1895.

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PART I.

Miscellaneous Poems.

God's Patience.

Sublime in his eternal power,
  God willed a world, and it was done;
He placed it 'mid the circling spheres,
  And marked the orbit it must run.

Its future glory moved the heavens;
  The stars of morning raised a song,
And all the sons of God with joy
  The notes of triumph bore along.

And yet 'twas but a formless void,
  This earth to be so fair and grand,
And through the countless years must wait
  The shaping of the Master's hand.

And watching, silent, patient, calm,
  He sees the creeping ages pass,
While every hour has wrought his will,
  And changed the dark and molten mass;

Till, where the fiery billows rolled,
  Beauty and light and life repose;
And deadly forces meet our eyes,
  Transmuted to the fragrant rose.

We see the turbid waves of sin
  Sweep o'er the world, and tempest-tossed,
At midnight on the stormy sea,
  Dismayed, we cry that all is lost.

A piteous cry! And our poor lives
  Seem like the dust of chariot wheels,
Hurled into space and lost in night
  Whose blackness all our fate conceals.

Impatiently we cry to God,
  And fain would move him by our tears;
We chide him that he spares the wrong,
  And vex him with our doubts and fears.

We chide him—yet unceasingly
  The great work moves beneath his hand,
The fiery surges own his touch,
  The mountains melt at his command.

There's light and hope! for, over all,
  Eternal Love, Almighty Power
Moves ever more, and from the night
  And from the chaos molds the flower.

God's great hereafter lieth fair
  When right hath conquered every wrong,
Calmly he waits that perfect day,
  For his eternity is long.

Youth.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth."—Eccles. 11: 9.

Rejoice in thy youth—the day is before thee,
The day with its hopes and its promises fair—
But with strong hands grapple the passing hours,
And seize the treasures they bear.

For these hours of the morning are flying angels,
That bear in their bosoms the precious seeds
Which, sown in thy garden, will blossom in beauty
And ripen in glorious deeds.

Rejoice in thy youth, for the life immortal
Stretches away like a shoreless sea,
And the spark in thy bosom, through mists half hidden,
Gleams with the light of eternity.

Thou'rt joint-heir with Christ to labor and sorrow,
And thy dower shall come from the hand of thy King!
Take gladly thy share—'tis the earnest of glory—
And wait for the crown he will bring.

Rejoice, for this is a regal portion,
The power with Jesus to suffer and live,
The power with him to make the earth brighter,
With him to labor, with him to give!

To give thy best in the early morning,
The gold of thy life and never spare,
Ah, this is to drink the wine of the kingdom,
And the heart of Christ to share.

Rejoice in thy youth, be glad in thy beauty,
And gird thee with strength for the coming strife;
For grand is the work that opens before thee,
And mighty the issues of life.

Remembered.

Down deep in my heart I've a picture
Undimmed by the threescore years
Which have passed since there I enshrined it,
All wet with my childish tears;
A face that is kindly and gentle,
Eyes that are loving and true,
And oft in the darkness of midnight,
With a blessing, it comes to my view.

Who was she? you ask; and I answer,
A woman frail and alone,
Who walked in a humble pathway
And died to the world unknown;
But her life was a holy litany,
A sweet and a solemn psalm,
And still I am catching its measure,
Afar off, gentle, and calm.

Nothing of wealth or of splendor
Knew she, nor of earthly lore,
But with soul of pitying sweetness
She walked with the humble poor.
She touched not the mighty forces
Which the currents of life control,
But the light of her holy living
Reached many a darkened soul.

No feet by the couch of suffering,
As hers, were so swift and still,
No hands were so soft and gentle,
So touched with a heavenly skill.
Though her words were so few and simple,
Yet Jesus, the Master, saw
That she silently preached the Gospel
And honored his holy law.

And so, when her hands grew weary
With their unpraised toil and pain,
He called her away from her labors
To rest with the heavenly train.
How bore she the unused splendor
When he said to the angels tall,
"Make her the greatest among you,
For she has been servant of all?"

They laid her to sleep 'neath the daisies,
With never a stone at her head;
But children have wept above her
And the angels have marked her bed;
And now, though the years have borne me
Afar from my childhood and youth,
I bless her who taught me so gently
To love and to honor the truth.

"Jerusalem the Golden."

O holy and beautiful city,
The glory of all the worlds,
Thy walls are of precious jewels
And thy gates are radiant pearls.

Thine air is the breath of heaven,
And thy streets are of burnished gold;
Thy light is the Father's presence,
And the glory of Christ untold.

In thee is the throne of sapphire
Whence the crystalline water flows,
Purer than dews of the morning
Which lie on the lips of the rose;

And the blessed and beautiful river,
With the trees that o'ershadow its shore,
Whose leaves are the balm of the nations,
Whose fruit is their life evermore.

Be glad, O beautiful city!
For this is thy glory, above
All thy jeweled and golden splendor—
This fountain of pity and love.

Move onward, O life-giving river!
Sweet waters of mercy, o'erflow!
For the desert will smile at thy coming
And the rose and the lily will blow.

The nations are wasting and dying
For lack of the precious fruits
That grow on the trees that are nourished
Alone by thy flow at their roots.

Be glad, O beautiful city!
But not for thy gold and pearls;
This fountain of infinite mercy
Is the glory of all the worlds.

Under the Juniper-Tree.

1 Kings 19: 4.

Under the shadow of Carmel,
  Unawed by the multitude,
Defying and mocking the idols,
  The grand old prophet had stood.
Alone he had builded the altar,
  And ordered the sacrifice,
And the fire, as he called on Jehovah,
  Came down from the evening skies.

Alone, in his righteous anger,
  He had smitten the priests of Baal,
And the Kishon's mountain waters
  Ran red through the fearful vale.
Unafraid, in his great commission,
  He had dared his desperate fate,
And followed the chariot of Ahab
  E'en to the city gate.

But the threat of a woman dismayed him;
  And, worn with the unequal strife,
Of courage and hope forsaken,
  He had weakly fled for his life
Through the dark and pathless forest—
  Of the wild beasts less afraid—
And over the burning deserts,
  By hunger and thirst dismayed;

Till utterly worn by his journey,
No longer able to fly,
Under the juniper's shadow
He lay down and prayed to die.
Could this be the hero of Carmel,
The prophet whom God's name had sealed,
Who there, despairing and faithless,
Would ignobly surrender the field?

But mark with what infinite kindness,
With what patience, God sent to him there!
For his weakness he met no reproaches,
Nor rebuke for his petulant prayer.
"Arise," said the pitying angel,
As he stood 'neath the juniper-tree,
"And eat—thou art weary and fainting;
Too great is thy journey for thee."

O, was it the bread and the water,
Or was it that pitying word,
Which banished his faithless repinings
And gave him the strength of the Lord?
The strength forty days to go forward,
Through the desolate paths which he trod—
Not wearying, not hungering, or thirsting—
Till he stood on the mountain of God?

And wanderers still in the desert,
'Neath the juniper-tree make their bed,
And wake at the touch of the angel
Who brings them the water and bread;
And the love of the Infinite Father,
The patient and pitying love,
Gives strength for the toilsome journey,
Till they stand on the mountains above.

Thy Heritage.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God.—1 John 3 : 2.

Belovéd, dost thou hear and understand
This wondrous word from heaven, this truth so grand,
Which lifts thee from the sod,
And gives thee right, before the Father's face,
To stand with seraphs in the highest place?
"Thou art the son of God."

Lift up thy head; thy heritage is high!
Not here, beloved, do thy possessions lie,
Where glitt'ring gold is dross;
Not here, where hopes and joys, like mists of morn
Vanish, and leave the sick'ning soul forlorn
With sense of fear and loss?

Say not thy Father's child is weak or poor;
His glorious palace with wide-open door
Awaits thy coming feet;
And thou art heir, joint-heir with Him we love,
To peace and honor, in that home above,
Eternal and complete.

Thou canst not pass beyond his tender care;
His love flows round thee like the vital air,
And holds thee to his heart;
He gives thee heavenly wisdom full and free,
And all his wondrous strength is pledged to thee,
To do a father's part.

O son of God! O child of royal birth!
Assert thy lineage, stoop not to the earth
Nor wear her chains of wrong;
Thy soul must cleave her mysteries apart
With upward wing. Rememb'ring *what thou art*,
Thou must be pure and strong.

Stand for thy Father in the world's great fight;
With loyal heart uphold his kingly right
To reign from pole to pole;
Wear royal arms, and boldly strike a blow
For God and right, that heaven and earth may know
Thou hast a godlike soul.

God's Goodness.

Moses said, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory." The Lord said, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee."—Exod. 33: 18, 19.

"Show me thy glory, Lord," the prophet cried—
"Thy glory, full and free,
As sinless seraphs in the holy place,
Unvailed, behold the wonders of thy face,
So let me look on thee."

"Not so," with patient love the Lord replied;
"No man may look and live.
My glory is too great for mortal sight—
Supernal, wondrous, an excess of light
Which not the sun can give!

"But I will hide thee in the rifted rock,
And shield thee with my hand;
So, unafraid, thou shalt with glad surprise
Behold my goodness pass before thy eyes;
And thou shalt understand

"My love is in the beauty of the earth,
The morning dewy bright,
The noontide radiance of the summer sun,
Its golden glory when the day is done,
The effulgent stars of night.

"The spring shall pass before thee with its flowers,
Its airs divinely sweet;
The joyful summer with its radiant crown,
The autumn with its orchards bending down,
And fields of golden wheat.

"The home, my greatest, best of gifts to man,
Shall show thee all its grace,
Manhood with strength to rear the social state,
Childhood with winsome love and hopes elate,
And woman's beauteous face.

"And thou shalt look on these with eyes unscathed,
And comprehend my love;
And I'll withdraw my hand, that thou mayest gaze,
As I pass by, undazzled on the blaze
Which follows where I move.

"But ask not thou to look upon my face—
The seraphs vail their eyes.
Look on the earth which I have made for thee,
Look on thy blessings always full and free!
My goodness shall suffice!"

The Healing Leaves.

And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. —*Rev. 22 : 2.*

O hark to the crying!
The nations are dying,
The nations of earth in their fathomless woe!
O hark to the groaning;
All nature is moaning,
Unceasing the anguish, unending its flow.

For ages and ages
The pitiful wages
Of sin have been gathered at infinite cost.
O, is there no healing?
No mercy revealing
The love that can ransom the ruined and lost?

There's a tree of God's planting,
With leafage enchanting,
That cures all earth's madness and blindness and care;
And with power supernal,
With pity eternal,
He offers this balm for her pain and despair.

The nations are crying,
Falling, and dying!
O hasten to tell of the life-giving tree
Which grows by the river
That floweth forever
From the throne of God's mercy, abundant and free.

O haste where they languish
In blindness and anguish,
Soul-sick and soul-hungry, in madness and strife,
And tell the glad story
Of pardon and glory,
Of healing and beauty and fullness of life.

Deeds.

'Tis not by words you lay the strong foundation
On which you build the temple of your life;
'Tis not by words you sway and mold the nation,
Or quench the fires of hate and hush the strife.

Words may be good and fair, like frieze and gilding,
But they are always weak; your deeds must lie
Beneath them all, like granite sure and lasting,
Or you will never build into the sky.

Build well, and when the pitiless storm descendeth,
And round you ruin's fiery darts are hurled,
You shall stand firmly, safe and unaffrighted,
With hands made strong to help the trembling world.

Night.

Say not it is dark, though the earth is dim,
And the sun of our day has hidden his face;
For the night unfolds the secrets of God,
And opens the depths of infinite space.

Look up and behold the mystical signs,
Emblazoned in fire on the limitless page,
In glory and beauty unfading, as when
It raptured the eye of the Chaldean sage.

Untutored he stood in the presence of God,
And gazed on the wonders that circled him round;
And his soul went out in a measureless flight,
Piercing the heights and the depths profound.

He saw, as we see, the wonderful sweep
Of the God-marshaled hosts round the steady pole,
Where the Lady rides in her golden chair,
And the waves of the shining river roll.

Where Orion, the giant, belted and armed,
Threatens the Virgin with sun-bright hair;
And, holding the leash of his eager hounds,
Boötes follows the flying Bear.

Say not it is silent, though earth be still!
Say not it is dark, this glorious night!
For myriad voices are singing its psalm,
And myriad suns are giving it light.

Compensation.

The morning dew that gems the rose
  Goes up to meet the sun,
But say not when it disappears,
  "Its work is surely done."

Lo, gathered in the evening cloud
  That brings the welcome shower,
It comes again, with richer gifts
  To bless the waiting flower.

Has all the dew of youth exhaled—
  The dew of hopes and dreams—
Leaving thy heart like dust beneath
  The scorching noontide beams?

Have all thy gladsome visions flown?
  Are all thy blossoms dead,
And faded every laurel leaf
  That crowned thy youthful head?

Be not dismayed—the dew returns
  In showers that bless the roots,
And flowers, that fade and die, prepare
  The way for richest fruits.

Be not dismayed—the soul that grows
  Must learn the gain of loss,
And know that sweetest grace is found
  Beneath the heaviest cross.

The good thou scatterest shall increase
  Like seeds of precious grain—
Ay, lose thy life for the dear Christ's sake,
  That is the highest gain.

When We Went A-Maying.

Sweet friend, do you still remember the day—
So long, O so long time ago!
When we went a-maying over the hills,
Gathering the flowers by the rippling rills
Which burst from the banks of snow?

O that beautiful day! You can never forget!
Like our youth, it was fair and bright.
The alder tassels were quite unrolled,
The willows were gay with fringes of gold
Which gleamed in the flickering light.

Under dead leaves the arbutus bloomed,
Hiding her dainty charm
Like a timid maid; but the perfumed air
Told us her secret, and showed us where
To look for her cups of balm.

O those fragrant blossoms of pink and pearl!
Has the Orient aught so fair?
We saw how the pretty machilla vines
Embraced them, and hardy princess pines
Seemed stooping to kiss them there.

On the brooklet's bank the feathery ferns
  Unfolded their yellow plumes;
And we checked our steps lest we crush unseen
The flame-red berries of wintergreen,
  Or the bloodroot's snowy blooms.

Softer than carpets by princes trod
  Was the silk-moss, golden and fine;
We heard the amorous bluebird sing;
The air was sweet with the breath of spring,
  And the balsam of fir and pine.

O the golden days of our vanished youth!
  How beautiful, how fleet!
Our souls were fresh with the morning dew,
And the buds of hope, like the may-flowers, grew
  As timid, fair, and sweet.

The blossoms are withered, and what remains
  Of all their expected fruit?
Naught that belonged to this earthly clime;
All that can cheer our evening time
  Springs from a heavenly root.

Easter.

O glad and glorious morning!
O day of sweet surprise,
When angels watched adoring
And saw the Lord arise!
When women bearing spices
Came sorrowing to the tomb,
And found it full of glory,
Instead of death and gloom!

The golden gates are lifted,
The shining portals swing,
And heaven, with shouts of triumph,
Proclaims the conquering King!
The Lord indeed is risen,
And death shall reign no more;
He leaves the grave triumphant,
And opens wide the door.

Henceforth 'tis but the chamber
Where his weary people rest,
In sweet and peaceful slumber,
To rise at his behest.
The loving Christ has risen,
And down the shining way
His glory streams upon us
From the portals of the day.

O bring him blushing roses,
And lilies fair and sweet,
And fragrant myrtle blossoms,
And lay them at his feet!
Make glad the Easter morning,
The Lord is risen indeed!
Raise high the joyful anthem
And let the tidings speed!

O bring a costly offering
Your gratitude to prove!
Lay on his flaming altar
The incense of your love;
Make glad the Easter morning,
And let his praise resound.
Proclaim the Lord is risen,
To earth's remotest bound!

"Jesus sat over against the Treasury."

I have read of the holy temple
That stood on Moriah of old,
Of its costly pillars and porches
And its beautiful gates of gold.

I know that no stone remaineth
In its place on the sacred hill,
And yet, in its ancient glory,
I fancy I see it still.

I see the priests in their vestments,
Through the smoke of the sacrifice,
Where the clouds of holy incense
From the flaming altars rise.

And up through the dusty highways,
Chanting the psalms aloud
And bearing their gifts to the temple,
The people eagerly crowd.

The rich of their great abundance
Give tribute from herds and fields,
And the poor bring tithes of the anise
And cumin the garden yields.

And there in the court, unnoticed,
With the multitude pressing around,
Stands the Prince of the house of David,
With his royal head uncrowned.

"Over against the treasury"
He watches the great and small,
And says of the very poorest,
"She has given more than they all."

They are proud, for the sacred service,
A tithe to have set apart;
The whole of her small possessions
She gives with a loving heart.

O Master, whose gracious approval
Gives infinite worth to a mite,
Thou art standing to-day by the treasury,
And the people give in thy sight.

Love.

This is thy law, O Christ, that love must be
  Of our discipleship the pledge and sign.
  What is this love, so mighty, so divine,
That joins the soul forevermore to thee?

Is it, for thy dear sake, to bear the cross?
  To suffer meekly though the world deride?
  To press with step undaunted to thy side,
Though it may bring me pain, contempt, and loss?

Is it that with the poor I share my bread,
  And bare my aching shoulders to the storm,
  That I may clothe a frailer, needier form,
Crushing my selfishness till it lies dead?

Is it, for thy sake, in the fearful strife
  With sin and wrong, to meet the hour of doom,
  Unterrified to view the open tomb,
And fling into its depths the pearl of life?

Is it to toil unthanked, and always keep
  A heart serene, though compassed round with fears?
  To wear a smiling face, and crush the tears
Back to their fount, that others may not weep?

If this be love, O Lord, if this be love,
The sacred germs thou must thyself impart,
And thou must fan the flame within my heart;
For love like this is from the fount above—

A gracious spark of the celestial flame
That in the eternal Heart effulgent glows,
And o'er the universe forever flows,
Bearing its endless blessings in thy name.

Ready.

The marriage of the Lamb has come, and the bride has made herself ready.—Rev. 19: 7.

Lo he comes, the royal Bridegroom,
Fairer than the sons of men;
Heaven rejoicing hails his bridal,
Highest angels grace his train.

Once he came in shame and sorrow,
Bore the cross on which he died;
Clothed with power, crowned with glory,
Now he comes to claim his bride—

Claim his bride that he has ransomed
With infinity of loss,
Lifting her from shame and bondage,
By his passion and his cross.

He had found her lost, forsaken,
Hopeless in her guilt and woe;
From the sins that stained her crimson
He hath washed her white as snow.

Lo he comes, and she is ready,
Fairer than the queen of night,
Brighter than the sun at noonday,
Form of beauty clothed in light!

Ready for the wondrous nuptials!
Heaven and earth henceforth allied
Shout the glorious consummation,
Peerless King and fairest bride!

Mysteries.

O life, with thy fathomless secrets!
O death, with thy voiceless gloom!
My soul is at strife with your mysteries
Which encircle the cradle and tomb.

A wonderful world is around us,
Which never our eyes discern;
We stretch out our hands—it eludes us,
We cry, but no answers return.

Sweet souls who were dwelling beside us,
And mingling their lives with our own,
Have vanished, like stars of the morning,
Into this region unknown.

Beloved, O where are you hiding?
The darkness is awful and deep!
We struggle, but touch not the curtain
Which covers the secrets you keep.

We weep o'er the graves where you slumber,
With anguish that knows no surcease.
From the sweetness of infinite blessing
Can you send us no answer of peace?

To the love that follows you ever,
That hallows the sod where you lie,
To the hearts that are yearning and breaking,
Blessed souls, can you make no reply?

Ah no! You may answer us never;
But the wail of the world has been heard,
And the Heart of infinite mercy
With pitying love has been stirred.

A voice is heard in the silence,
A light shines out in the gloom,
And a form like the Son of the Highest
Springs from the opening tomb.

He comes from the world you inhabit,
O you who are dwelling with God!
He hath lifted the mystical curtain;
There is light where his footsteps have trod.

Thank-Offering.

Bring an offering to the Master—what, beloved,
shall it be,
Worthy of His wondrous kindness who has given
all to thee?
Myrrh and gold and sweet frankincense to his altar
wilt thou bring,
As of old the adoring wise men offered to the infant
King?

Bring thy best, for he is kingly; bring thy offering
full and free;
Thou canst never match his bounty, for he gave his
life for thee;
Love unmerited and boundless! let it stir thy lan-
guid heart
Till it glows with fervid longing in his work to
share a part.

Look on all his gifts around thee—gifts that make
it joy to live;
Best of all, O regal kindness! he has given thee
power to give!
He has filled thy hands with blessing, which he bids
thee scatter wide,
Calls thee friend, and not a servant—friend to labor
at his side.

O to share his royal favor! O to work betimes
with God!
Following, though the way be thorny, where the
feet of Christ have trod!
O to give with glad thanksgiving! — freely, freely
we receive —
Counting this our crowning blessing, that he gives
us power to give!

Thanksgiving.

Father in heaven, the holy angels sing
Loud hallelujahs round thy throne above,
I would a glad though humble tribute bring,
And join their songs to magnify thy love;
For more than theirs the debt of grace I owe,
And louder should my grateful praises flow.

I thank thee that thou mak'st the world so fair,
Though cursed, 'tis not forsaken of thy grace;
For in the tiniest wing that moves the air,
And humblest flower, thy loving care I trace;
I see it in the grass that clothes the fields,
And in the harvest which the autumn yields.

I bless thy name for every pleasant sound
Which fills the summer air with sweet delight,
The thundering anthem of the waves profound,
The low, soft murmur of the insect's flight,
The harping of the many-fingered breeze,
The songs of birds amid the household trees.

I thank thee that thy glory fills the sky,
Beaming benignly from the farthest star;
For every ray that meets my wondering eye
Tells of a realm of beauty, passing far
All that our fancy paints of good and fair—
The home of beauty, for thou dwellest there.

I thank thee that to all this loveliness
Of earth and heaven, thou hast unsealed mine eyes;
That, though I wander through this wilderness,
I find the wells of joy with sweet surprise—
Cool, silvery fountains 'mid the burning sand,
And gleams of glory from the better land.

I thank thee that I am not taught to stand
A wretched votary at an idol's shrine;
But thou hast given me being in a land
Made glad and glorious with the Light divine.
The cup of blessing to my lip is pressed!
The pearl of price upon my bosom rests!

I thank thee for the deep, unfathomed love
Which condescends my faintest sigh to hear,
That 'midst the anthems of the hosts above
Thou giv'st to mortal wants a listening ear.
O free, unbounded grace, O love divine!
Would that my love to thee was worthy thine!

I thank thee for the hope, when life is o'er,
Of sweet communion with the angel bands,
With fitting anthems, on the shining shore,
To tell the love that evermore expands,
As rolling cycles magnify the grace
That with the sinless gives the sinner place.

Beauty.

O beauty, I have loved thee for thy ever charming face!
God's glory shining through thee reveals the heavenly grace.
With quest full long and weary I've sought and followed thee,
And thou before my footsteps the while hast seemed to flee.

I've seen thee in the midnight, bright shining 'mid the stars.
My soul, a struggling captive, has longed to burst her bars,
To soar on buoyant pinions amid those realms of light,
To seek thee and to win thee, O angel fair and bright.

I've seen thee on the mountains in morning's golden hours,
In weirdly shifting shadows, in shimmering trees and flowers,
In cliffs that glow like opals, in cataracts foaming white,
In the nest the swallow buildeth and the eagle's airy flight.

I've seen thee in the ocean with emerald waves aglow,
And in the foam-capped billows as white as mountain snow.
In purling brooks I've seen thee, in dewy mead and plain,
In trees with harvest laden, in fields of yellow grain.

I've seen thy smiling aspect in summer's sapphire skies,
And thy trailing garments gleaming in sunset's golden dyes.
In manhood's strength I've seen thee, and woman's wondrous face,
In youthful hopes unblighted and childhood's matchless grace.

But these do not thy fairest and heavenliest form infold;
The soul than snow is whiter and brighter than the gold,
The soul that's washed and clothed in holiness and light,
Is heaven's supremest beauty revealed to mortal sight.

Who Art Thou?

O who art thou, whose warm and gentle hand
Unlocks the frozen fountains, and sends forth
The bright and laughing waters? Who art thou
Whose noiseless feet have trod the barren earth,
And every step is marked with springing green
And brightly blooming flowers? Who, from the south
Has called these singing birds, and made them know
That now thy hand would spread the leafy screen
Wherein secure they build their quiet nest
And sing their songs of love?

O who art thou?
We call thee Spring, and bless the stars that mark
Thine annual coming—yet we see thee not,
Spirit of beauty!

Even now I feel
Thy breath upon my cheek, and hear thy voice
Soft whispering 'mid the gently waving trees,
With whose unfolding buds thy fingers toy,
And yet I know thee not.

My heart goes out
With infinite longings, and my soul in vain
Struggles to speak the thoughts which nature stirs
Within my bosom—thoughts unutterable

Of that Almighty Power which wraps me round,
Infolds and holds me in his viewless arms
Forever. Even now beneath my feet
A hand unseen is lifting up a flower,
Which, when to-morrow's sun shall rise and shine,
Will, like a priestess, bear a golden cup
Of fragrant dew—oblation pure and meet
For the great altar, and with perfumed breath
Will join the glorious symphonies that rise
From thousand times ten thousand vestal trains
Which minister to God.

Awed and entranced
I bow me down, and join the wondrous song
And universal worship; and with heart
Open to all sweet influences, beg to know
More of thyself, my Father, and those laws
Immortal, good, and wise, by which thy works
Forever move around us.

Give Ye Them To Eat.

Matt. 14: 16.

All the world seems gathering, hosts on hosts we meet.
What is this thou sayest? "Give ye them to eat."
Lord, thou knowest we cannot. Wherefore should they stay?
Ere the day declineth, send them all away.

"Hungry" — Lord, we know it; we have heard their cry,
Weary, helpless, hopeless! How they faint and die!
Yet how can we feed them from our scanty store?
These few loaves and fishes, yet we have no more!

Still they crowd about thee, clinging to thy feet!
And we hear thee saying, "Give ye them to eat.
They have come to seek me—lo, they waiting stand,
Take the loaves and fishes, feed them from my hand."

Lord, our hearts are aching as we hear their cries;
Yet how can we feed them? All will not suffice.
These small loaves are nothing to the multitude —
Shall we seek the city, there to buy them food?

"Bring the loaves and fishes. Give ye them to eat" —
'Tis the self-same message which thy lips repeat.
Lord, we would obey thee, but we do not dare,
For when we have eaten there'll be naught to spare!

"Faithless!" Lord, thou sayest? Do not chide us so!
Now we see the wonder — in thy hands they grow.
These small loaves and fishes, by thy wondrous grace,
Feed the hungry nations — save the dying race!

Master, now we thank thee, that at thy command
We may take thy bounty from thy loving hand.
While we bear our baskets to the multitude
Our own souls are nourished with the heavenly food.

Nutting Time.

I know where nuts are ripe on the hill,
Under the harvest moon—
Strawberries blossomed there in the May,
And the berries were red in June;
And barefooted children stripped the vines
While the bluebirds sang in the towering pines.

I know where the nuts are ripe by the stream
That flow through the pasture lands—
Lilies were blossoming there in July,
And the children filled their hands
With reeds and rushes, and builded a boat,
And shouted with joy to see it float.

I know where the nuts are ripe in the woods,
Where the butternut waves her plumes,
Where the beech-tree glows in a golden robe
That the autumn scene illumes;
And the squirrel whisks a gay salute,
Claiming his share of the falling fruit.

Ah me! I am far from the whispering woods,
And far from the hill and stream,
And my childhood's joys, they too are far,
Like a beautiful, vanishing dream.
And the faces that filled the earth with delight
Under the sods are hidden from sight.

But I smile as I think—though I see them no more —
That children with laughing faces
Are gathering the nuts as we gathered them once
In the dear familiar places.
O the dear little children! I share in their mirth,
Which scatters the shadows and brighten the earth!

Mizpah.

The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another.—Gen. 31 : 49.

I was standing beside him on the brink,
And we heard the sullen roar
Of the icy stream, with its surging waves,
Which we all must needs pass o'er;
And I knew by the light of his kindling eye
That he looked on the other shore.

The voice that called him — though hand in hand
We were standing — I could not hear;
I could not see that with muffled oar
The boatman was drawing near;
And yet that my love was going away
I knew with a deadly fear.

"Mizpah," he whispered with pallid lips,
As if he would hush my moan
With that Hebrew word whose mystical power
The patriarchs of old had known.
And so he passed from my mortal sight,
Leaving me here alone.

The summer days and the winter nights
Have passed in their lingering flight,
And still I stand on the river's brink,
And gaze with my wearied sight
To catch a gleam through the gates ajar
Of that beautiful land of light —

That beautiful land where my love abides,
That wonderful land of peace!
For I know that there he watches for me,
With a love that never will cease—
Waiting for me at the golden gate,
As I wait for my release.

"Mizpah," his prayer so tender and sweet,
I hear through the silent space;
"Mizpah," I whisper, and send my heart
Up to the throne of grace;
And I know that the arms of Infinite Love
Infolds us in one embrace.

The Desert Place.

And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile.—Mark 17 : 31.

I was baffled in all that I eagerly sought,
I was worn with the toil and strife;
In the fathomless depths of doubt and despair
I had buried the beauty of life.

Then heard I the Master's pitying voice,
"Thy burdens are heavy for thee;
Come thou apart to a desert place,
And rest for a while with me."

"To a desert place! O, not there!" I cried,
"Not to the shelterless waste!
I cannot rest on the burning sands
Where no watersprings are traced.

"Guide me, I pray, to the shadowed stream,
O'erhung by the blossoming palms;
Secure from the tumults and tortures of life,
O soothe me a while with its balms!"

"Come thou apart to a desert place,"
He said, as he took my hand,
And led me away from all I had loved
To a strange and barren land.

He emptied my hands of the withered flowers
O'er which I had wept full sore;
He buried the ashes of ruined hopes
That would come to my heart no more.

"Dost thou love me, Lord?" I cried in my pain.
Then he showed me the nail-prints red,
And his brow which the cruel thorns had pierced.
"Behold, how I love thee!" he said.

In his own pavilion he bade me rest,
In the holy, secret place;
He fed me there with the bread of heaven
And showed me his matchless grace.

He gave me to drink of the water of life
That flows from the crystal throne;
And so, content in that desert place,
I dwelt with my Lord alone.

And I learned what the world can never teach
Of the heights and depths of his love;
And tasted the rest that is better than joy,
Like the rest of the saints above.

The Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Soft as a silken curtain, o'er the streams
And bosky hills, the mists of morning hung;
And Mamre's vale, fair as the land of dreams,
With tuneful voices 'mid the palm-trees rung;
The birds, awaking, joyful matins sung,
And fragrant flowers with balmy dewdrops bright
Their grateful incense on the breezes flung,
And oped their petals soft to catch the light,
When first the orient beams dispelled the shades of night.

From troubled sleep the aged patriarch rose,
And sought with anxious steps the mountain's brow;
O'er the broad vale where Jordan proudly flows
He cast his eyes, and while the golden glow
Of morning clouds seemed kindling all below,
The towers of Sodom burst upon his view.
Fair seemed those cities in the valley low,
Girt with green hills and wet with glittering dew,
Nor dreamed they that so near the hour of vengeance drew.

As yet no harbinger of wrath appeared,
No sign of danger in the peaceful sky,
In the blue vault no thunder tones were heard,
No warning voice proclaimed destruction nigh;
But on the summit of that mountain high
The prophet stood, and where those cities lay
He fixed the vision of his anxious eye,
For well he knew that morn would bring a day
Whose memory from the earth would never pass away.

Far in the east the dazzling sun arose,
And o'er the earth a flood of glory flung,
And thousands, waking from their short repose,
With buoyant hearts to life and motion sprung.
With noisy shouts the streets of Sodom rung,
And answering sounds were heard from Admah's towers,
And many a wanton song was gaily sung
Amid Zeboim's fair and fragrant bowers,
And many a fair young brow was wreathed with dewy flowers.

But in the sky a low black cloud appeared,
Its dark edge fringed with strange, unearthly fire,
And in the heavens such fearful sounds were heard,
As when the raging elements conspire
To shake the trembling nations in their ire.

On like a whirlwind came that fiery cloud,
Till o'er the plain it hung in horror dire,
And from its bosom, on those cities proud,
It poured the burning shower, a nation's awful shroud.

And fearful was the horror and despair
When burst that fiery tempest in the sky;
And, mid the curling smoke and lurid glare
Of sulphurous flames poured them from on high,
There rose to heaven a wild, appalling cry
From thousands waking to their awful doom.
No hope of mercy, no deliverer nigh!
O, who may tell how dread that hour of gloom
Which wrapped that guilty race in such a fiery tomb!

On swept the flames o'er many a palmy bower
Where pleasure erst had led her wanton train;
Wild burst the blaze from many a princely tower
Which oft had rung with music's softest strain;
The peasant's cot, the consecrated fane
Where men had blindly bowed to wood and stone,
All, all were wrapped in that devouring flame
Which 'mid the gloom in awful grandeur shone,
And like a banner waved o'er ruins all its own.

But soon, the work of stern destruction o'er,
The cloud retired, the sulphurous vapor fled,
And in the sky the glorious sun once more
Shone o'er the smoldering cities of the dead;
And in their place the sullen billows spread,
With many a fearful wreck and ruin strown,
Dashing a shore whence life and joy had sped.
Lone desolation claimed the spot his own,
And o'er the ruins reared his solitary throne!

And there still rolls that dark, sepulchral sea,
As first it rolled above that smoking plain;
And on the shore is seen no fruitful tree,
No blushing flowers in spring, nor ripening grain.
No healthful breezes sweep its dark domain,
No cheerful canvas on its breast is spread,
But mournfully the bitter waves complain,
And sigh their requiem o'er th' unnumbered dead
Who sleep amid the caves of its unfathomed bed.

The Bride.

Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?—Solomon's Song 6 : 10.

Who is she that looks forth with face like the morning,
That beams on the earth in beauty and light,
As fair as the moon in her silvery whiteness,
As clear as the sun at his noonday height?

O, who is this fair one, majestic and queenly,
Pure in her truthfulness, strong in her love,
Robed in a garment more radiant and glorious
Than seraphs have worn in the temple above?

O, who is the spouse adorned for her nuptials,
The chosen of Christ, the glorified bride;
Holy and beautiful, loyal and loving,
She whom the Highest has called to his side.

He found her a captive, despised and forsaken,
Unpitied, uncared for, polluted, and lost;
He loved her — O wonder! — behold how he loved her,
And paid for her ransom at infinite cost!

In the breath of his love her fetters fell from her,
Transfigured she rose from the touch of his hands,
The glory of earth, the wonder of heaven,
All stainless and peerless before him she stands.

O, this is the fair one, with face like the morning,
That beams on the earth with heaven's own light;
The Bridegroom hath crowned her! The Daystar hath risen,
And backward are flying the shadows of night.

The Conqueror.

He shall not fail nor be discouraged.—Isa. 42 : 4.

Christ calls thee, soldier of the cross! He calls thee.
Arise and view the field of deadly strife!
The world in arms prepares for final conflict;
Evil and good are marshaled — death and life.

The air is stirred by clarion calls to battle;
The earth is moved by tread of marching feet;
And angels, watching for Messiah's triumph,
Attune their harps the Conqueror to greet.

O soldier of the cross, arise and arm thee!
This is no time to sleep upon thy shield;
If thou wilt share the triumph and the glory,
Bear thou thy part upon the battle-field.

Long has the conflict raged, and still it rages,
But He who leads thee on, knows no retreat;
He shall not fail, he shall not be discouraged,
But forward moves to victory complete.

Earth's utmost bounds shall own his just possessions
And heathen rites in every land shall cease;
Earth's vilest tribes shall touch his royal scepter,
And bless the Conqueror who brings them peace.

"He shall not fail"— O blessed words of promise —
Though strong and fierce thine enemies appear;
Though long the fight, "he shall not be discouraged,"
He leads thee on, and victory draweth near.

Go and Tell.

The eastern sky was gleaming with the first bright
dawn of day,
And the morning mists were lifting where the holy
temple lay;

When women bearing spices through the silent city
sped
To the sealéd tomb where Joseph had laid the
precious dead.

They found the tomb unclosed—an angel bright
and fair
Was sitting at the portal, but Jesus was not there.

They paused with awe and wonder, and the shining
stranger said,
"Why do you seek the living among the slumber-
ing dead?

"Victorious and triumphant, the Lord is risen
indeed!
Ye bring him precious spices, of these he has no
need.

"But, if you love him, hasten his triumph to proclaim,
And this shall be the incense you offer to his name:

"Go tell the wondrous story of his redeeming love;
Sweeter than richest spices your humblest word shall prove."

What honor in that message! What glory in that word!
And, as they gladly hastened, they met their risen Lord.

O'erwhelmed with joy and wonder, low at his feet they fell.
"Pause not," he said, "but hasten the glorious news to tell."

And this is your commission, O women saved by grace!
To tell of Christ arisen to all the human race.

The Angel of Death.

In morning's golden light,
And when the noon is bright,
I seem to see a white-winged angel stand
Between me and the sun;
And when the day is done
He comes so near I almost feel his hand.

His hand, I know, full soon
Will bring to me the boon
For which my weary heart has longed and cried —
The end of earthly strife,
The gift of endless life,
And blest reunion with the glorified.

O angel swift and strong!
How have they done thee wrong
Who shrink with fear and call thee dark and dread!
Thou wilt not do me harm;
Thy face is fair and calm,
And whitest lilies crown thy drooping head —

White lily-bells of peace,
That bring a sweet surcease
To all the pain, the labor, and the care;

No roses blooming red
Such hallowed incense shed,
Nor any bridal wreath is half so fair.

O angel swift and strong!
Why tarriest thou so long?
I stretch my hands to thee without dismay.
Ah, thou dost waiting stand,
Waiting for his command—
Thy Lord and mine—to ope the gate of day.

My Lord, he knoweth best
The time for peace and rest;
He knoweth best the time for work and prayer.
I wait with thee content,
And fill the days unspent
With patient work and hopes divinely fair.

After the Battle.

Hark! How the cannons roar,
Waking the echoes 'mid our silent hills!
Sweeping the forest leaves with sudden thrills!
A crowd streams past my door —
And look, the flag once more,
The flag of freedom, floats upon the breeze!

"Another battle fought!
Another victory won!" I hear them say.
Old men, uncovered with their locks of gray,
And little children, shout,
"It was a perfect rout;
They fled like chaff before our gallant men!"

The bells ring out a peal,
And every tone is full of hope and joy —
Ah me! I'm thinking only of my boy!
I hear the clash of steel,
I see the squadron wheel,
And frantic steeds, no hand upon the rein!

No hand upon the rein!
Where are the riders? Where the young and brave?
The strife sweeps o'er them like the ocean wave.
Trampled upon the plain,
Bleeding amid the slain,
They pay the awful price of all this joy!

And where is he, my own?
Is that his saber where the foemen meet?
Is that his form beneath the charger's feet?
Look how the ground is strewn,
And hear the dying groan!
O God, the price of victory is too great!

Weak heart! I shame my son;
He will not say the cost is all too great
Wherewith a mighty nation seals its fate,
Even though his life-blood run
Where the red field is won —
He will not say, even then, it is too great!

Have I not seen his eye
Kindle with emulation, when, a child,
I told him how the brave and good have smiled,
And called it joy to die
For truth and liberty
And for the glory of the native land?

Be silent, then, and wait!
To win for God and truth is more than life,
And worse than death to lose in such a strife!
Martyrs have conquered fate,
And they are strong and great
Who dare for a high cause to live or die.

Spring.

Hasten, O Spring, from the beautiful south,
Land of the citron and palm;
Come with thy trailing emerald robe,
Come with thy breath of balm!
Come, for the crocus so long asleep
Under the frozen mold,
Hearing the sound of thy steps afar,
Thrills to her heart of gold.

Come, for the desolate earth awaits
Touch of thy gentle hand.
Tulips will bloom in thy perfumed path,
Roses and lilies expand;
Fragrance and music will fill the air,
Waters will leap from their chains,
Trees will blossom, and grasses sweet
Cover the barren plains.

Come, O Spring, to my desolate heart,
Long is the winter, and cold!
Dark and fruitless my garden lies,
Never the buds unfold!
Hasten, O wind from the heavenly hills,
Laden with spices and myrrh,
Breathe on the roots of my perishing vines,
Till a new life waken and stir!

Seeds that the hand of the Master hath sown,
Germs of his heavenly grace,
Cold and torpid under the snow,
Wait in their secret place;
Wait for thy coming, O Spirit of power,
Wait for the life divine,
That will set the roses and lilies aglow,
That will quicken the barren vine.

Soon to my garden the Master will come;
Fain would I have it meet
For his royal presence, with loaded trees
And with blossoms fair and sweet—
Hasten, O Spirit of love divine,
Open the odorous springs!
Tune my heart to the notes of joy
Which the vernal season brings.

The Lord Hath Need.

To us whose hands are loaded with gifts of love
divine,
There comes at times a whisper, "These treasures
are not thine."

We fill our barns to bursting, we clutch the world
with greed,
But do we all remember the Lord, who gave, has
need?

We load our dainty tables, we wear our silks and
gold,
We dwell in ceiléd houses like those who lived of
old.

We gather up the blessings the bounteous Hand
has strown;
But do we all remember the Lord may claim his
own?

O Jesus, blessed Master! whose mercy gives us all,
When thou hast asked a pittance, have we refused
thy call?

Thou sawest us lost and ruined in the blackness of
despair,
And for our great salvation thy blood thou didst not
spare.

And is it so, dear Saviour, that we let thee stand
and plead,
Asking of our abundance for what thy poor have
need?

What shall thy steward answer when he stands
before thy face,
And thou askest for the brother that should have
shared thy grace?

Will that brother's blood for justice before thy
presence plead?
And wilt thou say, "O faithless! Ye knew that I
had need!

"I asked, but ye refused; unthankful and unkind—
Ye have bestowed no blessing, what blessing will
you find?"

Help us, O gracious Saviour, thy warning words to
heed.
Help us to help our brother, because "the Lord hath
need."

The Harvest.

The October sun is hanging low in the western sky ;
The yellow, ripening corn-fields in mellow radiance lie.

The wooded hills are glowing in colors rich and rare ;
The thistle-down is floating upon the misty air.

The birds are southward flying, to seek a sunnier shore ;
The days of songs and blossoms, the summer days, are o'er.

But the seed-time and the summer, the sunshine and the rain,
If now the harvest perish, will all have been in vain.

The harvest! O the harvest! Let the reapers work with might,
Nor pause, for swiftly cometh the winter and the night.

But there's another harvest of precious, priceless grain,
In which the reapers gather an everlasting gain.

God's plowshare has been driven deep through
earth's stubborn soil,
And every age has offered its blood, its tears, and
toil.

Long, long has been the waiting, the labor, and the
pain,
And now, behold the harvest, for which all heaven
is fain.

I hear the Master calling to the fields so hoary
white,
I see the sun descending, and feel the winds of
night.

O reaper, do not loiter with the sickle in thy hand,
But gather in the harvest so ripe in every land.

The River of Life.

O fair and holy city,
  Jerusalem above!
Whose temple is God's presence,
  Whose only light his love!

We muse upon thy splendor,
  And hail each golden gleam,
When, the heavenly gates unclosing,
  Thy glories o'er us stream.

But naught of all thy beauty
  And all thy wonders known
Hath charmed me like the river
  That flows from out the throne —

That wondrous, crystal river,
  With calm and gentle flow,
Upon whose flowery borders
  The trees of healing grow.

O sweet, life-giving waters!
  The work of death is wide,
The burning desert waiteth
  For thy refreshing tide.

The groaning nations languish
For shadow of the trees
Whose leaves are for the healing
Of sin's most dire disease.

Those trees, forever blooming,
Forever yielding fruit,
Are nourished by the water
That floweth at their root.

O pure and crystal river!
O fruit forever new!
The weary, fainting pilgrim
Will ever turn to you.

The water of salvation,
Outgushing from the throne,
Is more than golden splendor
Or light of precious stone.

Purer than pearly portals,
Than jeweled walls more fair,
The glorious, golden city
May not with it compare.

The eternal love and mercy,
Deep, deep, and wondrous wide
Is the o'erflowing fountain
From which its waters glide.

Which ever move full-freighted
With life and heavenly grace;
And by the springing verdure
The healing stream we trace.

The prophet in his vision
Beheld its earthward flow;
He marked the little streamlet,
And saw the waters grow,

Till, like the Nile o'erflowing
The barren desert sand,
It bore the gift of beauty
And life to every land.

What Is That to Thee?

Toiling in my barren vineyard, fainting 'neath the pain
Of the summer heat and labor pressing heart and brain,
I beheld my vines decaying, none had bloom or fruit,
And the seeds my tears had watered, died for lack of root.

Like the mountain, doomed and fatal, on whose desert crest
Neither rain nor dew descendeth, seemed my field unblessed.
Then I heard the Master saying, "What is that to thee?
If no harvest bless thy labor, leave thy work with me."

"Lord," I cried, "my brother's vineyard fair as Eden stands,
Even now the purple clusters fill his loaded hands;
On his ground the rain, descending, cheers his care and toil,
And the sunshine warms and quickens all the fertile soil.

"Why should I, of all thy servants, weep and toil in vain?
On the vines which I have planted, send the blessed rain,
Send the gentle dews of heaven through the midnight hours,
Let the sunshine of thy presence quicken buds and flowers."

Then again the Master answered, "What is that to thee?
Are not mine the barren vineyard and the fruitless tree?
Though from all thy field no blossom grace thy weary hand,
Sow thy seed without despairing o'er the sterile land.

"Know that in the grand hereafter, that before thee lies,
Thou shall see the golden harvest which the earth denies.
All thy toil shall be remembered, and thy crown shall be
Tears which love transmutes to jewels, works which follow thee."

Eureka.

"No more joy roses! Their perfume
To this dull pain brings short surcease.
But tell me, if you know, where bloom
The silver lily-bells of peace."

No more, no more I chase these flitting pleasures,
Which earth presents before the dazzled eye;
No more I toil to seize the wingéd treasures
Which mock the eager grasp from which they fly.

No more I stretch my hands to pluck the roses
Whose thorns remain when all their charms are dim,
No more I quaff the bowl in which reposes
A serpent hidden 'neath the sparkling brim.

No more I climb the mount with footsteps weary,
And look in vain to view the promised land;
No more across the desert, parched and dreary,
Pursue the mirage o'er the burning sand.

No more, for I have found the fountain holy,
Whose flow of living water ne'er shall cease,
And o'er whose shadowed bosom, still and lowly,
Forever bloom the "lily-bells of peace."

And I have found the tree whose leaves of healing
Cure all the sickness of the human breast,
Amid whose boughs, her snowy plumes concealing,
The dove, which bears the olive, builds her nest.

And I have found the rock, on which reposing,
In vain the floods may sweep, the storms may rise,
The everlasting Arms around me closing,
I feel the pillars of the steadfast skies.

I hear, in every peril and temptation,
The voice once heard on stormy Galilee,
And walk the waves, secure in His salvation
Whose word controls the billows of the sea.

Peace in Believing.

The night was dark, the stars, as if in sadness,
Withdrew their silvery light;
My heart was dark, no golden gleam of gladness
Illumed its solemn night.

I heard faint echoes of the joys departed,
Which never, never more
Return to bless the sad and broken-hearted,
Whose days of hope are o'er.

A dread and awful presence seemed to press me,
In the unfathomed gloom;
Low murmuring voices in the void distressed me,
With whispered words of doom.

Then all my sad and weary thoughts looked inward,
If there they might find peace,
As birds at sea swept by the storm, fly landward,
Waiting for its surcease.

And suddenly the darkness was uplifted,
Which on my spirit lay,
And, like a morning mist, serenely drifted
The riven clouds away.

A mighty Arm seemed gently to infold me,
A radiant Form above,
From heights sublime, bent graciously, and told me
Of more than mortal love.

My heart, so lately troubled and despairing,
No longer was oppressed;
His loving presence, all my sorrow bearing,
Had given me joyful rest.

This is the Friend, I said, in whom reposing
This mortal strife shall cease;
The everlasting Arm around me closing,
My soul shall dwell in peace.

The South Wind.

[*Written after the battle of Bull Run.*]

I stood beneath the oak tree's shade,
The south wind kissed my brow,
And with its breezy fingers swayed
Each trembling bough;
And the green leaves shivered as in fear —
What did they hear?

It wooed with soft, caressing touch
A lily bright and fair;
She laid her sweet lip in the dust,
As if in prayer!
It passed, and the rose-tree bowed full low
Her buds of snow.

"Tell me," I cried, "thou gentle wind,
Beloved of leaf and flower,
Why does the lily bow her head
In her leafy bower?
Why do the green leaves thrill with fear?
What do they hear?"

Then, like a mourner sobbing low,
It whispered in mine ear,
"No more I bring them sounds of joy,
But woe and fear;
No more the fragrant breath of flowers
From sunny bowers!

"For I have swept o'er gory fields,
Where the dead unburied lie;
Where the cannon's crash and bugle's blast
Have rocked the sky;
Where groans and shrieks of wild despair
Have rent the air.

"And echoes of these fearful sounds
To leaf and flower I bring,
The cannon's foul and sulphurous breath
Is on my wing;
And nature shudders where I pass —
Alas! Alas!"

Autumn Song—1862.

The Summer has departed, birds and flowers
Which graced her gorgeous train with her have fled;
And Autumn sits amid the fading bowers
A mournful queen, surrounded by the dead.

No more the harvest fields are glad with singing,
As 'mid the golden grain the sickle shines,
Nor shouts of laughter through the vineyards ringing
Tell where the children strip the loaded vines.

But low winds through the shuddering trees are sighing,
The sere leaves rustle to the passer's tread,
And to the darkening sky the earth replying,
Whispers of music gone and beauty dead.

Yet 'tis not this that fills our souls with sadness,
And wrings these tears of anguish from our eyes,
For well we know that spring returns the gladness
Of blooming fields and softly genial skies.

But O, the hopes have from our lives departed
Which made them bright and joyous as the spring;
There is an autumn for the broken-hearted
To which the rolling years no blossoms bring.

Through all the springtime and the summer's glory,
Through all these autumn hours so sweetly grand,
Death has been reaping not the harvest hoary,
But O, the hope and blossom of our land!

The life-blood of the nation is outflowing,
The rivers bear it to the stormy main;
Our strength and glory, love and hopes, are strowing,
Like worthless clods, the gory battle-plain!

Ah well, we weep these tears of bitter anguish,
But nature takes no note of all our woe;
Still with majestic steps that never languish,
Nor pause for us, the seasons come and go.

And though the stream of life with mighty surges
Dashes and breaks against the rocks of fate,
Though all the air is moved by funeral dirges,
And hearts are sick with grief or hot with hate,

Yet still the th' immortal pulse forever beateth
Sublimely calm through all her mighty frame;
And day to night, and night to day repeateth,
Through all our changes, "God is still the same."

"The Joy of the Lord Is Your Strength."

Neh. 3 : 10.

O where is our strength, beloved,
To bear all this labor and strife?
The way is so steep and rugged,
So heavy the burdens of life.
Our feet are weary and bleeding,
Our hands are toilworn and weak,
And upward, forever upward,
Lies the beautiful city we seek.

But what of our present labors,
And what of our perils past?
Hereto we have walked in the daylight,
Which now is fading fast.
And the night comes on with its darkness,
The night with its perils and pain,
And how shall our feet, so weary,
To that far-off city attain?

We know there are gloomy forests
That fill our hearts with dismay,
And we hear the roar of the river
That dashes across our way.

O that dark and solemn river!
That river so deep and wide!
And we must buffet its billows
E'er we stand on the other side.

But hearken, I hear a whisper,
It comes from the Holy Word,
And it says, "O why are you fearful?
Your strength is the joy of the Lord."
The joy of the Lord! O Master,
Send us this joy, we pray;
It will lighten all our burdens,
It will smooth the roughest way.

When our feet go down to the river
Whose waters before us roll,
We will not fear their surging,
Thy joy is the strength of the soul.
Thy joy is our strength forever!
When we stand before thy throne,
In the beautiful, golden city,
We will ask for this joy alone.

Divine Love.

"*Unto Him that loved us, and washed us in his own blood.*"—*Rev. 1: 5.*

O love divine, all other love transcending,
Which fills the heavens and glows in every sphere!
How shall we grasp the circle never ending,
Or to our bosoms bring its sweetness near?

Vaster than ocean with its mighty waters,
Nearer and freer than the vital air,
Its everlasting fullness flows about us,
And laps us ever in its tender care.

O love divine! We read its wondrous glory
In living light emblazoned on the sky,
And every tuneful bird repeats the story,
And every blossom tells it to the eye!

But on the cross, its grandest revelation—
Dimming the record of the starry height—
Has given to earth its fullest consummation,
Written in blood before our wondering sight.

O sweetest Friend! O grand and royal Lover!
I've naught to bring thee for thy matchless love!
Nothing if I should seek the wide world over!
Nothing if I explore the heaven above!

Nothing but my poor heart, so stained and broken!
Is this an offering worthy of thy grace?
And hast thou bidden me bring thee this poor token,
When I would seek the glory of thy face?

Aye, this is all, and thou wilt not despise it.
Dear Lord, I come and lay it at thy feet,
Broken and stained with sin! O heal and cleanse it,
And make it for thy holy presence meet!

Te Deum Laudamus.

[*After the war, June, 1865.*]

Was e'er the summer sun so wondrous fair,
With such celestial blue?
Was e'er so balmy sweet the evening air,
So bright the morning dew?

Has e'er the sunset shown such wondrous dyes
Since Eden's gates were barred,
And the lost exiles saw, with weeping eyes,
The flaming angel guard?

O'er all the land, so lately drenched in tears,
A new-born glory lies;
The peace which angels know in other spheres
Has filled our stormy skies.

The birds, which draw their music from the strains
Of the celestial choirs,
Repeat sweet echoes of the grand refrains
They sing to golden lyres.

The wind which sweeps from the eternal hills
Bears incense on its wing;
The mighty ocean and the murmuring rills
A holy anthem sing.

Benignly, through the blue, ethereal bars,
The moon looks from the sky;
And, o'er the marshaled hosts of God-poised stars
We gaze with raptured eye.

From yonder sunset clouds, heaven's open door,
God's blessing comes anew,
Steals o'er me, from the far celestial shore,
With healing like the dew.

I bare my forehead to the blessed air,
Sweet as the breath of flowers,
And all my heart goes out to God in prayer
And praise for these sweet hours.

I thank him that no more the sulphurous breath
Of battle fills the skies;
No longer gleams the fiery sword of death
Before our aching eyes.

I thank him that no more in all the land
Is heard the clank of chains;
But peace and liberty walk hand in hand
O'er all our sunny plains.

The Divine Healer.

A voice comes over the waters,
A voice from the far distant lands,
Where our brothers and sisters are waiting
The touch of the all-healing Hands.

They have sat in their blindness for ages,
Soul-sick, they have died in their sin;
Their prison-house bolted and guarded,
No ray of light entered therein.

But the Sun that shall lighten the nations
Has pierced e'en their walls with his beams,
And the captives, who slept in their fetters,
Awake from their long night of dreams.

But they wake in the dimness of twilight,
In the terror of palsy and pains,
And cry for the floods of the sunlight,
For the strength that shall shiver their chains.

They have heard of our wonderful riches,
And a share of our bread they implore;
Shall we give them the crumbs from our table,
As we do to the dogs, and no more?

O Christians, whom Christ has enlightened,
O Christians, whom Christ has set free!
Ye were sick, with a touch he has healed you,
Ye were blind, he has made you to see.

O tell to the perishing nations,
Who cry out to you in their pain,
The tale of the wonderful Healer,
Who never was sought for in vain!

O tell how his hands are o'erflowing
With gifts of salvation for them;
How he's clothed with love like a garment,
And they live who touch but the hem.

The Awakening.

When last I walked these woodland paths,
The autumn wind moaned low
Among the trees, and gently stirred
The softly falling snow,
Which came like feathers wafted down,
And covered from my sight
The fair, frail things that lie and sleep
Through all the winter night.

The arbutus, with her flowers in bud,
The brave mitchella vine,
The silk moss with its gleam of gold,
The feathery princess-pine—
I saw how Nature fondly clasped
Her darlings to her breast,
And wrapped them in an ermine robe,
That they might safely rest.

But now the April rains have laid
Earth's faithful bosom bare,
And faintest scents from dripping sods
Are floating on the air.
Through flitting clouds and tearful mists
The April sunbeams shine,
And south winds kiss the bubbling brooks,
And stir the odorous pine.

A wondrous touch, a breath divine,
Has swept each leaf and flower,
And sent to every tiny root
A mystic thrill of power.
Arbutus answers to the call
And stirs her fragrant bells;
The wind-flower lifts her modest head,
And bursts her silent cells.

The violet hears with sweet surprise,
And opes her blossoms blue,
Reflecting in their dewy depths
The heaven's divinest hue;
The timid fern, that hid from harm
Beneath the leafy mold,
Has heard, and in her darksome bed
Her feathery fronds unfold.

I see the shadow of His hand
Whose touch awakes the dead,
And, like the seer on Sinai's brow,
I walk with softened tread;
Like him I stand before the Lord,
And own the wondrous power
That marshals all the shining worlds
And opens every flower.

Blind.

And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.—Gen. 28 : 16.

The traveler, toiling o'er the desert sands,
Had felt no want, had known of no alarms;
Refreshing fruits were ready for his hand,
And wells of water, shadowed by the palms.

But he was blind, and he had failed to trace
In this the presence of the Hand divine,
Which sets the loaded fig-tree in its place,
And fills the purple grapes with cooling wine.

So he lay down upon the stones to sleep,
Beneath the glory of the Syrian sky;
He saw the myriad God-poised stars, that keep,
Like sleepless sentinels, their watch on high.

And as he scanned their wondrous quenchless flame,
Their awful grandeur hushed his heart with fear;
But, being blind, he did not read the Name
In flaming letters traced on every sphere.

Surely to him the Lord was wondrous kind —
He waked him with the music of his voice,
He flashed his glory on him, though so blind,
Revealed his love, and made his heart rejoice.

And then, astonished and ashamed, he cried,
"I knew it not, yet God was in this place!
O blind! I knew it not, though here abide
The light and glory of Jehovah's face!

"This is his house, and here, beneath his eye,
I laid me down and slept, and did not know
Until I heard him speaking from the sky,
And saw the swift-winged angels come and go!"

And we, like Jacob, slumber on the sand,
The desert sand, our stony bed unblessed,
And, being blind, we do not see the Hand
Whose cooling shadow gives us peaceful rest.

Nor see the ladder rise from earth to heaven,
On which the shining seraphim descend;
Nor dream such honor unto us is given
That round our couch these angel guards attend.

But sometimes they have touched our poor blind eyes,
And o'er our souls distilled the dews of grace,
And we, awaking, know with sweet surprise
That we are blessed, for God is in the place.

Damascus.

I have dreamed of the wonderful city,
The Syrian's glory and pride;
Of her beautiful gardens of roses,
Of her palaces fair and wide;
Of her tall and feathery palm-trees
Where the heat-mist flickers and gleams;
Of the vines with their purple clusters
O'erhanging the crystal streams —
The streams, from the snow-capped mountains—
Which spring at the cedar's roots,
And bring to the thirsty valley
Its treasures of blossoms and fruits.

Damascus, the oldest of cities,
Through the centuries ever the same;
The past, with her story inwoven,
Comes back at the thought of her name!
Here patriarchs and prophets have tarried
To rest in the shade of her palms,
And kings, with their conquering armies,
Have shaken her walls with their arms.
They drank of these crystalline waters;
But the patriarchs and prophets are gone,
The kings and their armies have perished,
Yet still the Abana flows on.

On the road that leads to Judea
I look for that sacred place
Where the Syrian sun at noonday
Was dimmed by the Lord Christ's face.
I see, as the day declineth
A blind man led through the gate,
And lodged in the house of Judas,
On the street that is still called Straight.
He came in sorrow and darkness,
Low bowing beneath the rod,
But forth from that hallowed chamber
He went, the anointed of God.

Damascus! Again shall the glory
Of Christ's face outrival thy sun!
The east shall arise to salute him
As he beams on the lands he has won.
The blossoms his coming will nurture
Are sweeter than lily or rose;
And the desert will sing and rejoice
When the fountain he opens o'erflows.
The night-boding crescent shall vanish,
O'erwhelmed in his life-giving rays,
And Damascus, the oldest of cities,
Shall crown him with honor and praise.

Growing Old.

Is it so long, so very long ago,
  Since I was standing in the broad sunrise,
Whose golden beams illumed an untried path
  That opened far before my wondering eyes?
And I, with eager feet, though half afraid,
The mysteries of the unknown way assayed?

I mind me of the blue and tranquil sky,
  The rosy brightness of the opening day,
The breath of spring flowers on the balmy air,
  And far-off voices calling me away;
"Arise," they cried, "thy journey is begun!
Away, away, towards the setting sun!"

And I remember how in life's high noon,
  When all the morning dew and balm had fled,
My feet grew weary, tortured by the thorns
  That grew among the summer roses red.
And then I heard the far-off voices say,
"Bend to thy task, nor murmur at the way."

But now the morning of my life is passed;
The noontide heat and toil behind me lie,
And I am standing where the westering sun
Illumes a vista through the parting sky;
And still the voices calling me I hear,
"Press on," they cry. "Thy home is drawing near."

O silent-footed, swiftly gliding years!
Ye've borne me quickly to this shadowed shore,
Where bloom the nightshade and the asphodel,
And notes of singing birds are heard no more;
Where hope and love with outspread pinions stand,
And, eagle-eyed, explored the promised land.

Shall I upbraid you, O ye vanished years,
That ye have brought me only toil and loss?
That, touched by you, the roses in my hands
Are turned to dust, and all my gold is dross?
Nay, for I see, beyond the parting sky,
The palm and crown, and flowers that never die.

The Valley of Baca.

The pilgrim who journeys to Zion
Finds often, with sweetest surprise,
The springs and the palm-trees of Elim
And the manna that falls from the skies.

But his feet must not swerve from the highway,
Though it lead through the desolate lands,
And he walk in the valley of Baca
With its burning and shelterless sands.

Then blessed is he who has fathomed
The secret of Infinite Love,
And knows that e'en in the desert
There are waters that flow from above.

He is shown the silvery sluices,
Deep hidden, where no water seems;
And he opens a spring of refreshing,
Which is cool as the mountain streams.

He drinks, and grows strong for his journey,
And glad 'mid its perils and pains;
And the well which he makes in the desert,
A blessing forever remains.

It comes from the fathomless fountain,
And perennial flows to the brim,
The weary and fainting may find it,
And fevered lips quaff at its rim.

Ah, happy and blest is the pilgrim
Who knows where the water-spring swells;
Who walks through the valley of Baca,
And opens its life-giving wells!

The Voyage of Youth.

In the golden morn, on the quiet stream
That through the green meadows lay,
Youth sat like a queen in her royal barge;
And her face was fair as the day.

Over her head the blossoming palms
Shook down their tresses of gold;
And under her keel, with murmur and smile,
The silvery current rolled.

The air was stirred by the wings of birds—
Bright birds of many a hue—
Which sang as they poised 'mid the shimmering leaves,
Or as lightly they brushed the dew.

Sweet odors were round her from meadows and fields,
From vineyards and orchards abloom;
And the far-off isles of tropical seas
Sent her spicy and rich perfume.

In her hand she gathered the lilies white,
Those fragrant ivory bowls
Which the amorous sun had filled with wine—
"The wine that is made for souls."

And she sang, as she floated adown the stream,
"Dear world, thou art bright and fair;
And life is sweet! O what do they mean
Who talk of its toil and care?"

And the stream rolled on. The meadows fade;
The palm-trees are seen no more;
The waters rush through a barren land
With a stern and rock-bound shore.

And Youth, dismayed at the dreary scene,
At the dark and storm-swept sky,
Beholds that the roses have fled from her cheeks
And the light from her faded eye.

And she cries in terror, "O take me back—
Back to the flowery shore!"
But the stream rolls on, and she hears afar
The cataract's sullen roar.

Nearer and nearer! O what shall she do
In this certain and awful hour?
Ah, she sees the Face of infinite love
And the Arm of infinite power!

Lo, a vista opens beyond the gulf!
There's light on the distant strand,
Where Youth shall dwell in immortal prime
In a fair and peaceful land.

"What Is Your Life?"

Jas. 4 : 14.

What is your life? A vanishing vapor,
Light as the zephyr that passes you by;
A cloud-wreath, melting away in the brightness,
Leaving no trace on the measureless sky!

What is your life? A battle unending!
Morning, and noon, and the pitiless night,
Foes are around you, terrors pursue you;
Where is your safety? In conflict or flight?

Look on the world as it lieth around you!
Study the pages that tell of the past!
What is it, then, but a fathomless trouble,
Waves of an ocean restless and vast?

Good men are living and dying in torture,
Fools proudly reign o'er the pitiful throng;
Faith is extinct in the smoke of the battle,
Justice is dying by falsehood and wrong.

What is it all? The canvas of commerce
Whitens the ocean from shore to shore;
Down in the caverns, for gold and for silver,
Bondmen are digging the coveted ore.

Pride, with his right hand reeking with ruin,
Flaunts in the face of the perishing poor;
Greed robs the weak, and, to snare the unwary,
Lays in their path the death-dealing lure.

Fame blows a blast on her golden trumpet,
The name of a hero rings through the skies.
Is he immortal? Hark to the tumult
Fouling his memory with lies upon lies!

What is your life, then? More than appeareth;
Life is probation, life is a school;
Out of the noise, is a voice celestial—
Over the tumult, God's hand doth rule.

What is your life? It is what you make it—
A loss and a curse, or a treasure divine!
Brief though it be, 'tis of infinite value,
A star that in glory forever may shine.

Two Years.

Two years, we say—we count by rolling spheres,
And days and nights that ever come and go—
How do you measure the unending day?
How count the age that ne'er will pass away,
Or gauge the stream in its eternal flow?

Two years since last I looked upon thy face—
To thee, belovéd, O, what blessed years!
The golden city, with its wondrous peace,
Its light and joy that never, never cease,
Are thine, instead of earthly toil and tears.

Thy feet, so weary with the thorny way,
Are resting on the green, immortal shore;
The tree of life shakes down its fruit to thee,
The fount of bliss is opened full and free,
And thou mayest drink forever, evermore.

And thou hast stood before the great white throne,
And seen the glory of the Father's face;
And thou hast known the joy beyond compare
To hear the Saviour bid thee welcome there,
And in the many mansions give thee place.

Two years of bliss to thee — O heart, be still!
I hear the angel anthems far away.
I catch the radiance of that land of light
Whose glory hides thee from my feeble sight,
Even as a star is hidden by the day.

At times the longing to behold thy face
Sweeps o'er me like the surges of the sea;
My murmuring heart complains that hope is fled,
That all the roses in my hands are dead,
And I have all things lost, in losing thee.

I will be patient — love is never lost!
It buds and blossoms on the shining shore —
By love removed I learn the power of love,
For thine doth reach me from thy home above,
And mine goes out to seek thee evermore.

I will be patient, for the light of heaven
Streams on my pathway to relieve its gloom;
Though all my earthly hopes are in the dust,
Christ holds me in his arms and bids me trust,
And shows me where my flowers immortal bloom.

The Unspoken Name.

And Jacob asked Him and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name?— Gen. 32 : 29.

O wondrous guest, divinely fair and bright!
Behold I open wide my door to thee.
My soul hath wrestled with thee through the night,
And owns thee conqueror by divinest right—
Reveal, I pray thee now, thy name to me.

For my repentance thou hast waited long,
Returning only love for scorn and hate;
And though I did thy matchless grace such wrong,
And made the bars of sin so high and strong,
Yet hast thou lingered at my guarded gate.

How oft, reclining on my restless bed,
I heard thee knocking, knocking evermore—
I knew the cold, unpitying dews were shed,
The midnight dews, on thy unsheltered head,
O sleepless watcher at my bolted door!

But now, I pray thee, enter and abide
Within my heart, unworthy of thy grace,
For all terrestrial beauty fades beside
Thy beauty, and the solemn eventide
Is radiant with the glory of thy face.

Reveal thy name to me, O Friend divine,
For thou and I henceforth no more must part.
Thy love hath won me, I am wholly thine,
The branch, the blossom, thou the living vine!
To me the fullness of thy grace impart!

Tell me if mortal lips have formed a word
So sweet, so holy it may be thy name —
I know the thrones and powers of heaven are stirred,
When that divinest utterance is heard —
Speak it to me, and make my joy the same.

"Seek Thy Servant."

Ps. 119 : 196.

Dear Lord, through all the long and weary years
Thy care has been complete,
And still I look to thee with contrite tears,
To guide my wandering feet.

Not only hast thou called me to thy side,
And shown the narrow way,
But thou hast sought for me, when far and wide
I madly went astray.

Youth had its perils — many a glittering snare
Was hidden 'mid the flowers,
And tempting syrens sang, while unaware
I passed the enchanted bowers.

And then, to save me from my wayward will,
I know that thou wast nigh ;
Unthanked, unheeded, thou didst seek me still,
And "guide me with thine eye."

And when upon the pathless mountain-side
I wandered in the night,
And every landmark which my steps might guide
Was hidden from my sight,

Then through the desert thou with tender care
Didst seek me, weak and blind!
O loving Shepherd, I had perished there
If thou hadst been less kind!

And now, when downwards toward the silent strand
My footsteps swiftly tend,
O "seek thy servant" still, and hold my hand,
And guide me to the end!

In Haste.

[*Written on the fourth departure of Rev. Dr. Bacheler for India.*]

A cry comes over the waters—
A wail of sorrow and pain
From the weary and fainting toilers
Who have cried so often in vain:

"Help! for the fields are laden
From the sowing of fifty years;
And the ripening grain will perish
For which we have wrought with tears!

"Our hands are so weak and weary!
The harvest so precious and great!
We call in the name of the Master,
O help, e'er it be too late!"

Who hears? Are the young men stirring—
The young men strong for the strife?
Do they haste in the dear Lord's service
To offer the bloom of life?

Nay, the young men have beautiful gardens,
Where the roses and lilies grow,
Where the trees 'neath their fruit are bending;
They tell us they cannot go.

Who hears? Ay, the wayworn veteran
Who a moment had leaned on his shield —
He hears, and in haste he girdeth
Himself anew for the field.

In haste! There are loving children,
There are brethren tender and true —
Shall he leave with no farewell blessing,
Nor pause to bid them adieu?

Yes, in haste, for the call is pressing
And the Master's work must be done!
He never may see his loved ones,
O never beneath the sun!

There are perils and hardships before him,
And toil and sorrow and pain;
But in haste and in silence he goeth
To work in the harvest again.

Alone? Yes, alone we have sent him,
Though the field is so needy and wide.
He may fall at his task, over-weary,
But the Master will stand at his side;

He will garner the sheaves he has gathered
When the work of his life he lays down;
And the brow where the almond has blossomed
Will glow with the conqueror's crown.

The King in His Beauty.

Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty.—Isa. 23 : 17.

Mine eyes are weary watching,
The night of death is drear;
When will the darkness vanish,
And the day of life appear?
The day of joy and gladness,
The day of cloudless light,
When all the promised glory
Shall burst upon my sight?

My soul, amid the shadows,
Climbs up to watch and pray
For the first bright gleaming tokens
That usher in the day;
For, when the golden portals
Of the morning open swing,
I shall behold the glory
And the beauty of the King.

What earthly pomp or splendor
Can charm the longing eyes
That are ever looking eastward
To see the Daystar rise!
The heart forever yearning
For the beauty of the King
Forgets the joys and sorrows
This mortal life may bring.

In the eternal daylight
My feet shall walk the shore
Where sin can never follow,
And death is known no more;
And while the heavenly arches
With glad hosannas ring,
I shall behold the glory
And the beauty of the King.

I shall not be a stranger,
I shall not be alone,
When in the golden city
I stand before his throne;
He is a Friend, the dearest,
The sweetest for his grace,
And I shall see the glory
And the beauty of his face.

His bleeding brow was crowned
With thorns, that I might wear
The crown of life eternal,
And in his glory share;
And the hands that bear the nail-prints
Will be outstretched to me,
When I shall stand before him
And all his glory see.

The Tempest.

It was night, and the storm in its fury
Came down on the dark Galilee,
And the frail little ship at its mercy
Was tossed on the pitiless sea.
The fishermen, used to its perils,
Looked wistfully out toward the shores,
And with brawny arms, strong from seafaring,
Pulled hard at the laboring oars.

But vain was the labor of mortals
To stem the storm in its might,
The tempest grew fiercer and fiercer,
And darker and darker the night.
The foam-crested billows swept o'er them —
The billows that dashed at the sky —
And, with bearded lips ashen with terror,
They cried out, "Lord, help, or we die!"

Then the Master, so wearily sleeping,
Rose up and came forth in his might;
He spake, and the tempest was silent,
And the stars came forth with their light;
And he said, "O, why were you fearful?
And why have you doubted my word?
Behold how the winds and the waters
Obey and acknowledge their Lord."

Waiting.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say, more than they that watch for the morning!—Ps. 130: 6.

O the night is long and dreary,
Slowly, slowly creeping by;
Towards the east, the weary watcher
Turns his sleepless, aching eye;
Towards the east, with eager longing,
Watching for the first pale ray
That foretells the coming splendor
Of the morning and the day.

O the beauty of the morning,
While the dewdrops gleam and glow,
And the streams like molten silver
Through the verdant meadows flow!
O the sweet, refreshing breezes
Ere the earth grows hot and dry,
On whose wings the flowers are sending
Fragrant incense to the sky!

To the soul there is a morning
Which the sunlight does not bring—
'Tis the grand, celestial glory
In the coming of the King!

More than they who watch the dawning,
In the dark I waiting stand,
Asking for some precious token
That his coming is at hand.

O the beauty of the morning
When he bursts upon my sight,
And the world is all transfigured
In the new and wondrous light!
When the breezes, incense-laden,
Bring the ever healing balm —
Balm that cures the burning fever,
Gives the restless spirit calm!

O the heaven-descended treasures
Which his regal path adorn,
Richer than the gold of Ophir,
Purer than the dews of morn!
O the gladness and the glory
When he clothes me with his grace,
When he pours on me the radiance
Of his ever beaming face!

Calm how sweet and rest how blesséd!
Light and joy beyond compare!
These he brings to his belovéd,
Those who wait with hope and prayer.
More than they who in the darkness
Long to see the daystar shine,
I am watching for his coming
Who will bring me light divine.

Once on a Time.

O maid, from the wealth of thy golden hair,
  Give me, I pray thee, a shining curl;
Mine is so faded, so faded and thin,
  But once on a time, when I was a girl,
Like thine, 'twas abundant and fair.

Give me thine eye, with its dancing light,
  Thine eye, with its azure hue;
Mine are so dim, so faded and dim,
  But once on a time, they were blue,
Blue as thine own, and as bright.

Sweet in thy bloom, O give me the dew
  And the roses and lilies I seek;
No roses have I, but once on a time,
  They grew on my dimpled cheek —
Ay, once on a time they grew.

O maiden, I see in thy beautiful face
  The pitying love that would spare
E'en the charms of thy youth to my desolate age.
  Unselfish and gentle, O give me to share
Thy spirit, more sweet than thy face!

The Sea.

O Sea, O blue, unfathomed Sea!
I love thy billows wild and free,
Thy vast, unstudied lore;
And when the stars of evening rest
Like jewels on thy tranquil breast,
I seek thy lonely shore.

Roll back thy billows, mighty Sea,
Unveil thine awful depths to me,
Thy deep, mysterious caves,
Where mermaids dwell in coral bowers,
And gems lie strown like summer flowers,
Beneath the sounding waves.

Thou givest thy slain a glorious rest,
A couch with gold and diamonds dressed,
A more than kingly grave;
And there the young and fair lie down,
The hero with his proud renown,
And there the fettered slave.

Ah, naught to thee is human pride,
The rich and poor lie side by side
In thine o'ershadowing gloom;
Unwept, the outcast wanderer sleeps,
Where princely treasures, heaps on heaps,
Adorn his coral tomb.

Thou hast a mournful voice to me,
Thou restless, ever murmuring Sea,
A sad, funereal wail;
As if thy sad, repentant waves
Were sighing o'er the hidden graves
Of those whom thou hast slain.

Roll on, roll on, thou mighty deep!
I hear the wrathful tempest sweep,
I hear thy billows moan!
And, if perchance my grave shall be
Within thy bosom, sing o'er me
That mournful, dirge-like tone.

Midnight Thoughts.

"*The heavens declare the glory of God.*"

The night has come, the calm and wondrous night,
And all the heavens are decked with gems of light;
Arise, my soul, lift up thy wondering eyes,
And mount the golden stairway of the skies.

Go up beyond the clouds that dim thy sight,
And, standing on the far celestial height,
Survey the spheres that circle round the sun,
And mark the mighty orbits where they run

Still on and on. What heights above thee rise!
Explore the mysteries of the midnight skies;
And, standing on yon dim and distant star,
See other orbs appearing dim and far.

Weak child of earth! I strive to rise in vain!
Weary and sad, my soul sinks back again,
And cries, "O God, of thine infinity
How small a part our mortal eyes may see!"

I see yon star — the ray that meets mine eye
Has sped for centuries through the pathless sky,
With aim unerring, with the lightning's pace,
Crossing the bleak, unfathomed gulfs of space.

The ray which, leaping from that urn of light,
This hour begins its mighty earthward flight,
Shall meet the human eye when mine no more
The wonders of the universe explore.

I see yon fleecy cloud of faintest light,
A pearly wreath upon the brow of night,
So faint and far that to a mortal's eye
'Twere scarcely missed if blotted from the sky.

Yet there, they tell me, lies a phalanx deep
Of glorious suns and worlds, whose mighty sweep
And mazy dance no mortal thought has traced,
No eye but the Omniscient's e'er embraced.

And 'mid yon brooding mist which flecks the sky
They say new worlds are growlng 'neath his eye;
That he above the mighty forces stands,
And forms the spheres like atoms in his hands.

I hear a vast, transcendent song of praise,
The mighty hymn that grateful worlds upraise,
The hymn that 'mid the whirling spheres has rung,
Since first the morning stars together sung.

And I have power to swell that wondrous song,
And through the universe its notes prolong;
To join with holy angels while they sing
Hosannas to the great and glorious King

For he is mine — my King and Saviour too —
And I've a song which angels never knew;
And none can sing, of all who dwell above,
Like those who tell of his redeeming love.

Not all his glory 'mid the rolling spheres
One half so wondrous as his grace appears;
And not so loud should be their hymns of praise
As that new song which ransomed sinners raise.

The Banquet.

These are cupbearers undying,
Of the wine that's meant for souls.
—Mrs. Browning.

Come to the banquet. The palace is ready,
Stately and glorious its pillars and domes,
Ample its halls and grand are its arches;
Never a web from the far eastern looms
Equaled in beauty the wonderful carpet,
Sparkling with gems and fragrant with blooms!

Come to the banquet. The minstrels are ready,
Waiting thy presence, modest and shy,
Blackcap and bluebird, oriole and robin,
Tuneful and sweet, for thy praises will vie;
Come, for the bobolink, rippling and gushing,
Pours out the song which he draws from the sky.

Come, for the languishing south wind is whispering
Fondly and low to the odorous pine;
Streamlets that leap from their silvery fountains,
Pure as the dewdrop and sparkling like wine
(Their wet lips fragrant with balm of the lilies),
Join in the anthem whose notes are divine.

Come to the banquet. The table is furnished,
Ready for service the ruby-cups glow;
Sip from the goblets of gold and of ivory,
Quaff from the lily-bowls white as the snow,
Press thy hot lips to the cool silver chalice,
Drink where the balm and the nectar o'erflow.

Come, for the princess, thy mother, is calling!
Lay down thy burdens of sorrows and cares,
Rest on her couch of roses and lilies,
Drink of the wonderful wine she prepares—
Wine for the soul, the nectar of heaven!
Drink, for thy joy with the angels' compares!

The Dayspring.

Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh.—Isa. 21 : 11.

O fair are the stars that follow the sunset,
And soften the gloom with their silvery light;
But blest is the star that heralds the morning,
And jewels the robe of the vanishing night.

O star of the morning! We hail it with joy,
And climb to the watch-tower to welcome its ray;
Yet gladly we see its glory departing,
As gently it fades in the spring of the day.

O dayspring, that scatters the mists on the mountains,
That whispers in treetops and flushes the sky
With tints of the ruby, the watchmen espy thee,
And cry in our ears, "The morning is nigh."

Awake, O beloved, for the daylight is dawning,
And the pitiful woes of the earth are revealed!
Awake, for the Master is calling thee early,
To work for him now in the dew-spangled field!

Arise in thy might. The Bridegroom is coming!
And shine, for his glory is rising on thee!
The nations in darkness must come to thy bright
ness,
And the blind in thy glorious sunlight must see!

The Master's Last Command.

The everlasting gates are lifted high,
And, opening wide, the golden portals swing;
Seraphic legions fill the vaulted sky,
And heaven, adoring, waits the coming King!

Pausing on Olivet, with uncrowned brow
Scarred by the thorns, he lifts his wounded hand;
Blessing his awe-struck followers as they bow
Around his feet, he gives his last command.

His last command! It echoes through the spheres,
Which glow and tremble at his slightest word —
It floats adown the swiftly gliding years,
And by its might the centuries are stirred.

His last command! "Go ye to every clime,
To every soul of all the human race;
Lift up the banner of the cross sublime,
And tell the story of redeeming grace.

"Go undismayed, for ye are clothed with might,
And highest angels on your steps attend;
The words you bear are seeds of life and light;
Lo, I am with you, even to the end!"

The everlasting gates are lifted high,
And, opening wide, the golden portals swing;
Triumphal anthems fill the vaulted sky,
And heaven, rejoicing, welcomes home the King!

The Crucifixion.

From Salem's wide and crowded gate
  Why pours there forth that living tide?
The mitered priest, the hoary seer,
The Roman with his sword and spear,
  Press fiercely onward side by side;
And shouts of vengeance long and loud
Are bursting from the maddened crowd.

On, on they press — but who is He,
  With bleeding brow and tottering frame,
Who walketh painfully and slow,
Fainting beneath a weight of woe,
  A mountain weight of sin and shame?
"Let him be crucified," they cry,
"Let the blaspheming traitor die!"

On, on they press — the spot is gained,
  Thy blood-stained summit, Calvary!
Amid the crowd the Victim stands,
No bolt of vengeance in his hands,
  No flash of fury in his eye.
He hears his name blasphemed and spurned,
No curse is for their curse returned.

Woe, woe to thee, Jerusalem!
The sword of justice does not sleep!
No more where Siloa's waters flow,
Nor on Moriah's saddened brow,
Thy slighted Saviour stands to weep!
That deed, which wraps the sky in gloom,
Ill-fated city, seals thy doom!

He dies, he dies! But wondrous things
Await the triumph of his power.
Events to which earth's glories fade,
And earth itself seems but a shade,
Hang on the anguish of that hour.
O love divine, O mighty cost,
That conquer death and save the lost!

Songs of the Seasons.

We heard a song in spring-time;
It came from dewy flowers,
From fields of vernal beauty
And soft distilling showers;
It came from gushing streamlets
That burst their icy chains,
From happy birds a-building,
That sang their amorous strains;
With promises of blessing
It filled the earth and sky,
And told the wondrous wisdom
Of Him who reigns on high.

We heard a song in summer
From fields of growing corn,
From golden clouds at sunset
And rosy hues of morn,
From meads of balmy blossoms,
With tropic heat aglow,
From fragrant, blushing roses,
And lilies white as snow.
The song of languid summer,
The gentle, soothing song,
Was like the far-off echoes
That angel notes prolong.

We heard a song in autumn
From fields of yellow grain,
From trees with fruit o'erladen,
For which the earth is fain.
From streams like molten silver
That glided to the sea,
From southward flight of swallows
And droning of the bee.
From forests gold and crimson
That flamed upon the hills—
To God a glad thanksgiving,
Who all our hopes fulfills.

And winter, stern, relentless,
If we but list to hear,
From clouds and darkness speaketh
With voice of hope and cheer;
The buds on frozen branches,
The roots beneath the mold,
The silent, frozen river,
The life of faith unfold.
While stormy winds are chanting
The winter's solemn psalm,
With undertone of gladness
They tell of joy and calm.

Certainty.

Yes, my teachers tell me how the world was planned;
They are wise and learned, they may understand.
They have pierced the secrets — but, alas, to me,
As I look about me, all is mystery.

Doubts and fears assail me, all their words are vain,
Earth looks dark and Christless, love and truth are slain!
I cry out in terror, "Why are these things so!"
And my cry is echoed, "None but God can know."

Yet I am not sinking in the slippery sand —
There's a rock beneath me where I firmly stand;
So I cast mine anchor, though the winds may blow,
Here, where nought can move me from the things I know.

Safely moored, I'm resting on this truth profound,
Like a wall of fire God's laws close us round,
All who dwell within the circle of their might,
Though the earth be movéd, dwell in joy and light.

In this charmed circle peace and duty meet,
Beauty brings her lilies, love her incense sweet.
Mercy lifts the lowly, justice watchful stands,
Labor smiles serenely, for plenty fills her hands.

Though the earth be gory, and the flames ascend,
And the nations tremble where the fiends contend,
Here we dwell securely in this realm so fair,
For the gates are holden by the chains of prayer.

Knowing this is knowing that God's ways are right,
That we cannot perish, walking in his light;
Yet our human wisdom scanneth not his plans —
Deep and dark the mysteries no man understands.

Through the clouds of midnight gleams a golden ray,
Promising the sunlight of the coming day;
All is clear in God's sight, he can never fail,
And we wait undaunted the lifting of the veil.

PART II.

Sonnets, Hymns, and Poems for Especial Occasions.

Watching.

Sitting like Mary at the Saviour's feet,
To hear his lips those wondrous truths unfold
Which saints and sages in the ages old
Desired in vain to hear; in accents sweet
I heard him say, "O blest! For glory meet
Are they who are found watching when I come,
Who even in midnight's deepest hour of gloom,
Awaiting stand, my coming steps to greet!"
I cried, "O Master! Help thine erring child—
With lamp all burning and with sleepless eye—
To listen for the ever welcome cry,
'Behold He comes!' With spirit undefiled,
O help me, Lord, to wait and watch and pray,
Remembering ever thou wilt not delay."

Sowing.

I saw the field, as brown and bare it lay,
Bathed in the mellow sunlight of the morn,
All ready for the sower of the corn;
And he, with loaded hands, made no delay,
But flung the seed he bore along the way,
Singing with gladness as he pressed the soil.
I said, "'Tis well," and watched for many a day
To see the harvest that should bless his toil.
I watched — but not the fair and golden grain
For which I hoped, but brambles meet mine eye,
And poisonous weeds across the furrows lie,
Grown rank and strong in sunshine and in rain.
"God is not mocked." Not wheat but tares were sown,
And now the sower gathers but his own.

The Cross.

It stood before me, heavy, cold, and bare!
Faithless and faint, and shrinking in dismay,
I cried, "O Lord, not this, not this, I pray!
My hands are all too weak! I do not dare
Assay to lift this cross. In pity spare
Thy trembling child. Take this away, and give
A lighter burden; for I cannot live
Beneath this cruel weight that none may share."
"Take up thy cross," he said, "nor dare repine,
And bear it fearlessly before the world.
It shall not crush thee, for the strength is mine."
I stooped and raised it. Lo, like sail unfurled,
Or wing of bird, it bears me o'er the sea.
O blessèd cross, I will not part from thee!

Dedication Hymn.

God of hosts and King eternal,
  Show us here thy wondrous grace!
Condescend to meet thy people
  In this consecrated place.
    Make it glorious
  With the vision of thy face!

Like the spot thy presence hallowed,
  Where the weary traveler lay,
"House of God and gate of heaven,"
  May it be to us, we pray!
    Holy angels
  Watching o'er it night and day!

Bless this house which we have built thee,
  Make it for thy presence meet.
Let thy goodness pass before us
  While we worship at thy feet!
    Breath of heaven,
  Make our love and joy complete!

Give us, Lord, so great a blessing,
  That henceforth our lives may be,
On the fields of sternest conflict,
  Proofs of love and loyalty;
    Ready ever
  Where there's work to do for thee!

Installation Hymn.

O church of Christ, for thee, for thee,
  Thy King has pledged his wealth divine,
Thy heritage is grand and free,
  For he has said, "All things are thine."

Thine are the treasures in his hand,
  The glories of unmeasured space,
The riches of the sea and land,
  The matchless blessings of his grace.

He sends his servant, he is thine,
  And for thy sake to him is given
The grace to pour thy sacred wine
  And break to thee the bread of heaven.

The grace thy trembling steps to guide
  Where from the throne the water springs,
To show thee where the blessed abide
  Beneath the shadow of his wings.

O church of Christ, receive with joy
  The gift he sends to thee this day;
While songs of praise thy lips employ,
  O lift thy grateful heart and pray.

Centennial Hymn.

The hand of God hath sown
With worlds the abysmal deep,
And o'er the boundless field
The flying ages sweep;
With patience watching all
From his supernal height,
He sees the centuries pass
Like watches of the night.

Our transient human lives
Like flitting shadows glide,
Yet on the world's wide scroll
Their impress will abide.
Our life is grand — though brief —
It shapes our endless fate;
And on the fruit it bears
The coming ages wait.

Lord, give us grace to seize
The grand, eternal prize,
To lose our lives in Christ,
And find them in the skies;

That, while the cycles move
  Around the eternal throne,
We may behold thy face,
  And know as we are known.

As saints of old have sent
  Their benedictions down,
And from the martyrs' blood
  Has grown our flowery crown,
So give us grace to make
  Our lives the seeds from whence
The coming years shall reap
  A rich inheritance.

Grant us this honor, Lord,
  With Zion's host to stand;
To march with those who bear
  The cross to every land,
That, in the blessed day
  When earth shall own her King,
We may the triumph share
  And joyful trophies bring.

The Harvest.

Hymn sung at the Commencement at Bates College, 1894.

The seed-time, with its care,
Its nights of tears and prayer,
Its toilsome days,
Is past; and now full fain,
To Thee who blessed the grain
With sunshine and with rain,
We offer praise.

We saw the blade appear,
And watched with joy and fear
Its fragile life.
Thy hand, O God, was there,
And thine the tender care
Which made it strong and fair,
With promise rife!

We saw the blade make room
For fragrant bud and bloom
Which promised fruit;
A harvest rich and grand,
To fill the toil-worn hand
And bless the waiting land
Which fed its root.

The reaping now draws near,
The full corn in the ear
    Will quickly come!
O God, before thy feet
We'll bring the sheaves complete,
Shouting with praises meet
    The harvest home.

The Song of the A. C. F.

Hark! The voice of Christ is calling,
And his cross-wrought flag unfurled
Streams before the legions marshaled
For the conquest of the world!
Glorious banner!
It shall float o'er all the world!

Once they mocked him with the purple,
Once with thorns they crowned his brow,
Yet before his royal scepter
All the tribes of earth shall bow!
Princely leader!
Mighty King! We hail thee now!

Hark! He calls the young to serve him!
While our lives are fair and sweet,
All their strength and all their beauty
We will lay before his feet;
Doing, daring,
In his glorious name complete!

We will bring him loyal service,
Worthy of his high renown;
To the fields of fiercest conflict,
Where he battles for his crown,
We will follow,
Till his foes are all put down.

Invocation.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Spirit of peace, of righteousness, and love!
We cry to thee — O spread thy wings and come
From the bright realm above!

The world is dark and cold;
Sin, like a midnight cloud, o'ershadows all —
A cloud surcharged with wrath, which doth infold
And wrap us like a pall.

We struggle 'mid the gloom
Which presses on the soul like bands of steel;
We cry to thee — O Holy Spirit, come,
Thy mighty power reveal!

Shine on us with the beams
Of light divine, and bid our spirits live;
We faint with thirst, unclose the hidden streams,
The healing waters give.

Dissolve the iron chain
Which binds us down, and help us to arise,
And, stretching out the hand of faith, to gain
Our birthright in the skies.

God's Temple.

[*Read at the dedication of the Temple at Ocean Park, Aug. 2, '81.*]

Here, where the tempest swells the mighty organ
Whose pipes are trembling 'neath th' unfathomed seas,
Here, where the rippling waves and dashing billows
With restless fingers sweep the hidden keys,
Here let us worship in the awful presence
Of God and nature, 'neath the bending sky,
Joining the grand and never-ceasing anthem,
The voice of many waters lifted high.

And while we worship in this mighty temple,
Whose outer courts are glorious with thy grace,
O Master, lead us to the secret chamber
Within the veil, where we may see thy face;
Where we may see thy face in all its beauty,
And prove the sweetness of thy wondrous love;
Where we may sup with thee and taste the manna,
The hidden manna from thy stores above.

As thy disciples, worn with fruitless labor,
Met thee at early dawn by Galilee,
And thou with kindest care didst serve and feed them,
So meet us here, dear Lord, beside the sea;

As they beheld thee walking on the billows,
  And heard thee say, "'Tis I, why do ye fear?"
So let us see thee in the midnight tempest,
  So speak to us and let thy servants hear.

Thy work, O Lord, is vast, it presses on us;
  The fields all white for harvest round us lie,
And from the far-off shores where they have wandered
  These billows bring the Macedonian cry —
Like thy disciples in that upper chamber,
  Low bowing at thy feet, we wait for thee;
Clothe us, we pray thee, with the Spirit's power!
  Feed us with bread from heaven beside the sea!

Our Home by the Sea.

[*Written for the dedication services of Curtis Home.*]

Our home, with its name revered,
Thank God that to us it is given!
For home is a beautiful word,
And sweet, like mother and heaven.
The home of our hearts it shall be,
Where in fullness of joy we will meet
To speak of our Father's love
And to worship before his feet.

For the Father's love is the crown
That will make our home complete.
When he spreads the regal board
The banquet will be most sweet.
He will feed us with bread from the sky,
And pour us the hallowed wine,
And his smile will be our joy,
As we grow in the strength divine.

He will call, in his infinite grace,
For even the poorest and least,
And our Royal Brother will come
To sit with us at the feast;

And the love of the loving heart
That bore all our sorrow and pain,
Will beam on us like the sun
With a light that is endless gain.

And our souls will warm in its glow,
They will melt in its heavenly flame,
Till we know that we dwell in him,
And are one in his holy name;
And thus our home by the sea
Shall its purpose and hope fulfil,
As we go in the strength of God,
And joyfully do his will.

Centennial Poem.

[*Read at the grave of Randall.*]

Could we stand on the mount which the Master once trod,
Where he talked with the prophets and angels of God,
Where the three whom he loved saw his glorified face,
How sacred and awful would seem the place!

But why should Mount Tabor more sacred appear
Than this spot where we stand? For the Christ has been here,
And the loved of the Father have welcomed the King,
Where to-day we have gathered our tribute to bring.

Around are the graves where the sainted ones lie,
And over us bends the blue dome of the sky;
They stood where we stand, they saw as we see
These hills and these valleys that stretch to the sea.

They are here! Lo, time's chariot turns back in its flight!
The graves of the dead disappear from our sight,
And we stand in the midst of those servants of God
Whose feet have made sacred this blossoming sod.

Hark! That voice! Like the blast of a bugle it fills
These wild wooded valleys and loneliest hills;
Yet 'tis gentle and soft as the notes of the dove,
And it tells the sweet story of freedom and love.

That voice! Has a century passed since it flung
To the wondering church those truths that have rung
In her heart since that day? Free grace and free will?
They have molded her creeds and they live with her still.

We honor the brave soul to whom it was given
To scatter these seeds of the kingdom of heaven;
And the years are his friends, for they nourish and hold
And warm, as the earth does, the germs they infold.

Though the tree that he planted and watered with tears,
And nurtured with toil, but a sapling appears.
In the garden of God it still grows in its place,
And the sap in its heart is the spirit of grace.

The plant that a century gives but a root,
Strikes deep, and the ages must wait for its fruit.
But the sun of the centuries rising sublime
Shall quicken its blossoms and smile on its prime.

It is good to be here, where in letters of light
The past has recorded its lesson aright;
It is good to be here, where the history that lies
In the ages to come unfolds to our eyes.

The future, its germs lie to-day in our hand.
Like our fathers we plant, and they who shall stand
A hundred years hence in our places will tell
That the harvest is good if the sowing is well.

By the memories holy that throng on us here,
By the graves of the past, and the hopes that draw
near,
By the love of our Lord, by the wants of the world,
Let us work till Christ's banner o'er all is unfurled.

Our Decennial.

[*Ocean Park, Aug. 2, 1891.*]

Ten times the summer, with the glad returning
Of flowers and singing birds, has found us here,
Here, on the border of the solemn ocean
Whose billows murmur ever on the ear.

We come not idle wanderers, pursuing
Phantoms of joy or fashion's gay delight,
But here, like soldiers resting for a season,
We gather strength for the impending fight.

This home is ours for sweet and gracious converse,
That we may learn life's highest, noblest use;
For quiet counsel in the Master's service,
For rest and joy, but not for their abuse.

Here come the aged, worn with toil and conflict,
To lean a moment on their battered shields;
And here the young, who look with ardent vision
And glowing hearts upon the battle-fields.

No idle dreams, no vain or aimless pleasures,
Have place amid life's labors and alarms;
So pressing are the dangers that surround us,
That, if we sleep, it must be on our arms.

The nations wake! Afar and all around us
We hear the tumult of the deadly strife;
The world in arms prepares for final conflict—
Evil and good are marshaled, death and life!

And Christ, our King, with trumpet tones is calling
His friends to rally for the desperate fray.
A world to conquer for our royal Leader,
A world to save! This is our work to-day!

We hear his call from homes where children languish
Who never know a father's tender care,
Where women groan and curse the cruel tempter
That blights their hopes and dooms them to despair.

'Tis heard in every sigh of shame and sorrow,
In every moan that heaves the lost one's breast;
In every wild, despairing cry of anguish,
Wrung by the hand of power from the oppressed.

It comes to us from souls in darkness dying—
Such piteous cries as move an angel's tears!
There's not a breeze but brings the calls for service,
There's not a wave but bears them to our ears!

They call us from life's narrow cares and pleasures,
To share with Christ the labor and the pain
Of this great battle-field, when he leads onward
His hosts to victory and eternal gain.

And would we share his triumph and his glory,
We must not shrink, but boldly bear our part.
Strong hands to do his bidding we must bring him,
Brave wills to dare, and loyal, loving hearts.

Let us not loiter when we hear his summons,
Nor dare disloyally to say him nay;
But rise with joyful hearts, and answer swiftly;
For urgent is his work, nor brooks delay.

No greater honor can the Master give us
Than in his service thus to give us part —
Give him our strength, our gold, who gives us all things;
Give him our love, our faith, our inmost heart.

PART III.

Legends and Tales.

Father Alfonzo's Christmas Vision.

Afar, on the mighty Alpine heights,
Enwrapt in their robes of snow,
The north-lights gleamed and the crescent moon
Hung like a bended bow.

The convent bells in the lowly vale
Sent their peals to the mountain-side,
And the holy friars with vespers glad
Welcomed the Christmas-tide.

At the midnight hour, that holiest hour
When they say the Lord was born,
They came from their cells, in robes of white,
To watch for the blessed morn.

Then Father Alfonzo stood in their midst—
A princely man and brave,
Who had borne the cross to the Holy Land
And had fought for the Lord Christ's grave.

"Brothers," he said, with hands outstretched
Towards the mountains clothed in white,
"I stood on Bethlehem's sacred plain,
Where the shepherds watched by night;

"I saw in the distance the holy hill
Where the Saviour's cross was set;
And I heard the paynim's call to prayer
From the gilded minaret.

"Over my head the God-poised stars
Of the solemn midnight glowed;
And the crescent moon hung low o'er the sea
Where our ships at anchor rode.

"Around were the tents of beleaguering hosts;
And there rose from Kedron's side
The shouts and the tumult of fighting men
And the groans of those who died.

"My heart grew sick, for this was the hour
And the place of the dear Lord's birth,
Where the angels sang of glory to God
And peace to the suffering earth.

"But the infidel here from the holy hill
Jeered at the sacred cross;
And the crescent hung, like a sign in the sky,
Attesting our shame and loss.

"And help me, Lord! for how shall I tell
That envy and hatred and strife—
Those birds of the pit—in the Christian host
Imperiled our honor and life?

"As weeping I gazed on the cloudless sky
It was swept by snow-white wings,
And I heard an anthem of pity and woe
Like that which an angel sings.

"It passed, and beside me I saw the Lord,
With the brow which the thorns had crowned;
He looked on the city and tented fields
With a pitying love profound.

"And he said, as I knelt in rapture and awe,
'O fickle and false and vain!
Ye fight for the sod where my feet have trod,
And the grave where my body hath lain!

"'But here are souls whom I died to save;
Will you win them by faith and prayer?
Purer than pearls and whiter than snow,
Will you build me a temple fair?

"'In vain are your hosts, your banners, and arms;
My kingdom comes not by the sword.
I conquer and reign o'er the souls that are mine
By the spirit that dwells in my word.'

"Astonished, I bowed with my face to the ground
Till I heard the Mohammedan cry,
And rose to behold that the uprising sun
Had kindled the eastern sky.

"The vision returns at this solemn hour —
I see Him enthroned above —
He shall conquer the world, but not by the sword,
He shall reign by the might of his love!"

Legend of the Moss Rose.

Once on a time, says the story,
When water-sprites lived in the rills,
When goblins infested the forests,
And trollmen wrought in the hills,
'Neath the oaks in merry old England
The fairy-folks danced on the green,
Or trooped through the moonlighted meadows,
With fair Goldelinda, their queen.

One night there was joy in the palace
Of Albert, the good king of Kent,
For to Bertha, the queen well beloved,
A sweet little daughter was sent.
In the hall there was music and feasting,
And gladness with old and young;
And the fairy-folks danced in the courtyard
To the songs that the nightingales sung.

Goldelinda grew weary of dancing,
And she said, as she dimpled and smiled,
"I will just go into the palace
And see this sweet mother and child."

As softly as th' down of a thistle
She swept by the guards all unseen,
And, hidden behind a white lily,
She gazed on the beautiful queen.

She saw the wee bit of a baby
That lay open-eyed on her breast,
And she said, "O sweet soul, born to suffer,
I will give thee the chrism of rest."
So she drew from her bosom a vial
And poured the bright drops on its head;
The babe closed its eyes, and the mother
Smiled sweetly as th' perfume was shed.

Then they slept, and this queen of the fairies
Watched over their bed with delight,
Till she heard the wind stir in the treetops
And saw the moon sink out of sight;
Then out she flew into the darkness,
And found all her people were gone;
So she crept to the heart of a rosebud,
Where she lay down and slept till the morn.

Awaking, and looking about her,
She said, "O my beautiful rose,
My darling, how can I reward thee
For this night's delicious repose.

My bed has been soft as the cygnet's,
  My curtains are finer than silk,
And the dew, that I sip from thy petals
  For breakfast, is richer than milk.

"Thy color is matchless, thy perfume
  Is sweeter than Arabic balms;
There is nothing remains to be given thee
  But a veil to cover thy charms."
So she threw o'er the rose-tree a mantle
  Of mosses so soft and so fine,
That her half-hidden beauty is heightened
  And the world calls the moss-rose divine.

The Hermit of the Alps.

Deep in the shadows of an ancient wood
Which o'er Chamouni's vine-clad valley hung,
A modest chapel, crowned with ivy, stood;
And when the mighty Alps their shadows flung
Back towards the Orient, and their caverns rung
With wild, sweet echoes of the evening horn
And vesper bells, a hermit knelt among
The dewy vines, and oft until the morn
His words of fervent prayer were o'er the mountain borne.

Long had he dwelt in that deep solitude,
From human hopes and human strife afar.
The mighty mountains and the solemn wood,
The dashing torrents and the glaciers bare,
Were his companions; and, in converse there
With the sublime and awful, years had flown,
Blanching the raven luster of his hair
To snowy whiteness, and his step had grown
Too weak to scale the cliffs, yet still he dwelt alone.

Alone, save when the chamois hunter sought
Beneath his roof for shelter to abide,
When on its mighty wings the Fohn-wind* brought
Billows of snow adown the mountain side,
And from those bold and awful peaks which hide
Their glitterings crests amid the clouds on high,
The avalanche thundered in its ruthless pride,
Like an avenging spirit from the sky,
Which makes the wide earth quake as his broad
wings sweep by.

And oftentimes at twilight's quiet hour,
The peasant mother, at her cottage door,
Talked with her children of that peaceful bower
Where dwelt the holy man of wondrous lore
And mighty faith. She said the granite floor,
Whereon he knelt as years had passed away,
The impress of his suppliant figure bore;
And that ofttimes, from early shut of day
Till morning's dewy dawn, he never ceased to pray.

She said the mountain hunters, when they passed
That lowly chaplet in the midnight time,
Heard pealing anthems mingling with the blast
And with the voice of waters, like the chime

* A southeast wind much dreaded among the Alps.

Of many minstrels, glorious and sublime;
And they have seen the wings of angels gleam
Amid the branches of the oak and pine,
Bright, glorious creatures, whose high home we deem
Is in that sinless land, the land of which we dream.

For unto him, through faith and prayer, is given
A blest and free communion with the skies,
And they had come, those visitants from heaven,
To cheer him with the songs of paradise;
And they had shown him where the fountain lies,
Embosomed in the deep, umbrageous gloom,
Whose gushing water evermore supplies
Unfailing health and an immortal bloom,
And they who drink thereof may never fear the tomb.

A mother thus beneath the cottage eaves
Talked with her children; and a stranger old,
Sitting in silence 'mid the dewy leaves,
Heard with deep thought the wondrous tale she told;
His form unbent was of a princely mold,
His forehead ample 'neath his locks of gray,
His eye, undimmed by years, was dark and bold,
Yet in its troubled depths a shadow lay,
As if the soul were oft to anxious thoughts a prey.

A traveler he, whose weary feet had trod
Those spots of earth most glorious and renowned;
Awed and transported he had worshiped God
On Etna's fiery summit, while the ground
Heaved like the sea, and in the depths profound
The earthquake muttered; from Olympus' height
Had looked upon the sunny vales around,
Where every laurel leaf and wavelet bright
With busy, murmuring tongues told of departed might.

And he had wandered by the rolling Nile,
Where Pharaoh's daughter with her maidens stood,
And mused upon the wondrous tale the while,
How once that pure and silvery flowing flood
Was changed to waves of black and putrid blood,
How darkness like a mantle wrapped the land
Which lay in mourning 'neath the wrath of God,
How fiery tempests swept at his command
When Moses' arm stretched forth the wonder-working wand.

And he had borne against the paynim hosts
The sacred banner of the Crucified,
Had seen the holy city won, and lost.
And on Mount Calvary, where the Saviour died,

Had heard profane and jeering lips deride
The Christian's faith, the while from Zion's height
The Moslem's crescent banner waved in pride,
And blest Moriah, once the temple's site,
Lay in its ruins, sad, profaned, and desolate.

The woman ceased, and, rising from his place,
The stranger gazed, with keen and anxious eye,
On the dim mountain-side, as if to trace
Some object which amid the shadows lay;
Then seized his pilgrim staff and turned away.
"Adieu," he cried, "I seek that wondrous wave
Whereof thou speakest — ere another day
Fades into night in that bright fount I'll lave
My lips where they who drink no more may fear
the grave."

"O stay," the woman cried, "till morning dawn.
By needful rest thy weary limbs prepare
To climb the rugged path." But he was gone;
And, gazing long, she saw him disappear
Amid the shadows deeply gathering, where
The dashing Arve flows through the flowery vale.
On, on he pressed, while o'er the valley fair
And mountain's craggy side the moonbeams, pale
And coldly beautiful, lay like a silvery veil.

Still on he pressed, across the dewy glade,
O'er shivered rocks and precipices steep,
O'er foaming torrents, whose wild voices made
Strange music with the winds, o'er ravines deep,
Starting the chamois from his midnight sleep,
And the lone mountain eagle from her nest
Amid the dark and beetling cliffs, which keep,
Like faithful sentinels who never rest,
Eternal watch and ward around the mountain's breast.

And when the morning oped the gates of gold,
And o'er the snowy peaks her banner flung,
The goatherds drove their flocks from out the fold
And with glad sounds the mountain caverns rung,
As prayers were said and matin hymns were sung;
And then with joy the weary traveler heard
The hermit's voice of prayer the vines among.
Listening with awe to every solemn word,
The long-closed fount of tears within his heart was stirred.

The prayer was done, and at the hermit's feet
He bowed in reverence on the dewy ground;
"Father," he said, "here joy and wisdom meet,
And peace with lily hand thy brow hath crowned.

Wandering in vain, no rest my soul hath found,
Though she hath sought it 'mid all earthly things;
But like a captive eagle, caged and bound,
She beats her prison bars with weary wings,
Yet dares not break her chains, and to her fetters clings!

"Weary and worn, O let me dwell with thee
In the cool shadows of this quiet bower!
I fain those angel visitants would see
Whose anthems soothe thee through the midnight hour,
And more, O father, grant this gracious dower —
Conduct me where those healing waters flow,
Show me the blesséd fount whose waves have power
Immortal youth and vigor to bestow;
For still I would not die, though weary of life's woe."

"Arise," the hermit cried, and laid his hands
Upon his feverish brow with gentle care;
"Behold, my humble door wide open stands,
And thou art welcome to my modest fare;
My couch of leaves and loaf of bread I'll share
Gladly with thee, if thou wilt here abide;
But let thy heart, so sick of earth, prepare
To lay each human hope and fear aside;
And know God's peace was ne'er to contrite souls denied.

" Thou fain would'st see those angels shining bright
Who sing to me the harmonies of heaven,
And make this cell like Eden, with the light
Of their white pinions, through the quiet even
And solemn night; know then, to thee 'tis given
To win their ministrations, blest indeed,
Till every care is from thy bosom driven,
And God's best angel, Peace, shall gently spread
Her wings' distilling balm above thy weary head.

" They err who deem those children of the skies,
Whose glorious presence blest the earth of yore,
Forever hence departed; mortal eyes
May trace their footsteps on the sod no more,
Nor see the robes of heavenly light they wore
Gleaming amid earth's shadows, and the ear
May never listen to the songs they pour
Over their golden lyres; yet are they here,
And blest is he whose soul can ever feel them near.

" Think not that to this mountain bower alone
The blessed come; where'er by faith and prayer
The struggling soul looks upward to the throne
Of infinite compassion, they are there;

Their wings unseen shed odors on the air
Of dungeon cells, and many an aching head
Sleeps on an angel's bosom, when the bare,
Cold stones alone may seem to be its bed —
Sleeps sweet and dreams of heaven though earthly hopes have fled.

"The pure and holy, when the spirit's eye
Opens by faith divine, have power to see,
As Jacob saw them from the Syrian sky
Descending to the earth, and blest is he
Whose soul exalted holds communion free
With high and sinless natures; earth may pour
Her woes upon his head, yet they shall be
Present to hold his hands and lead him o'er
Life's dark and billowy sea to th' fair celestial shore.

"Thou seek'st amid this mountain solitude
The spring of life. That sacred fountain lies
Deep hidden with the Lord; but souls endued
With heavenly wisdom feel its waters rise —
A stream forever flowing from the skies —
Within their bosoms, holy, pure, and deep.
Know thou, the soul thus nourished never dies;
But, while the form of dust with dust may sleep,
O'er heaven's high battlements its chainless wings shall sweep."

With awe and wonder wrapped, the stranger heard
The hermit's holy teaching. "Let me dwell
With thee," he cried. "Thy words my heart have stirred
With new and holy hopes. I bid farewell
To all my soul erewhile hath loved too well.
My spirit burns for converse with the high
And holy ones of whom I hear thee tell,
And pants to taste those waters from the sky!
God's hand shall ope the fount while at his feet I lie."

Chocorua's Curse.

[*A legend of the White Hills.*]

Amid thy hills, New Hampshire, I have strayed,
And wandered by thy brightly flowing streams;
Have rested in the deep primeval shade
Of ancient forests, where the struggling beams
Of sunlight scarcely pierced the leafy screen
Above my head; and when the cuckoo's wing
Or squirrel's foot disturbed the silent scene
With sounds of life, my busy thoughts would bring
Back to their ancient haunts the red men bold,
And prowling beasts of prey that walked these woods of old.

Ah, many a wild and spirit-stirring tale
These rocks and hills, if they could speak, might tell;
For deeds of blood, that make the cheek turn pale
With horror, have been wrought where now we dwell
In peace and safety; and these rocks have rung
With the wild war-whoop of the savage foe,

And glowed with mournful radiance o'er them flung
From burning homes, where shrieks of mortal woe
Outbursting from the awful tomb of fire,
Proclaimed the home was now a family's funeral pyre.

Let us go back to that historic age,
And bring a shadowy legend to the light,
Snatch from oblivion, and re-write the page
Before it disappears from human sight.
There is a valley, girt with mountains bare,
Where in those days an exile built his home,
Choosing the solitude of nature there
With freedom, rather than a lordly dome;
For of a proud and ancient race he came,
Who in their annals brooked no shadow on their name.

And he had left a goodly heritage
Of wealth and power without a parting sigh;
Deeming it joy, beyond the bigot's rage,
Free as the eagle 'neath the open sky,
To breathe the air of heaven; for he had drawn
That air through dungeon grates, and felt the chain
Cankering his weary limbs, while night or morn
Brought no relief from darkness and from pain;
Henceforth for him the sunlight was a dower
Passing all earthly gifts of pleasure, wealth, and power.

And it was much, aye, more than all to him,
To bow where none the free and chainless soul
Might mock with fetters, in the vast and dim
And pathless woods to hear the thunder roll,
To trace the lightning's fiery path, and feel
The blesséd presence of the Eternal One
Which nature's awful mysteries reveal—
To feel, and bless the knowledge he had won
From the great teacher, whose deep voice alone
Speaks to the human heart and makes th' Almighty known.

But not alone from England's shore he fled;
With him a fair and noble lady came
To share his forest home. Though gently bred,
And heiress of a proud and ancient name,
A woman's love, a Christian's faith sublime,
With all a martyr's strength inspired her heart,
From home and friends and from her native clime,
Not tearless but unmurmuring, to depart;
Joying to cheer the exile's lonely way,
Which o'er the pathless deep and through the forest lay.

And sweet that forest home amid the hills,
Illumed with love and faith, but deep and lone
The solitude; the low voice of the rills
Soft murmuring through the glade, the deeper tone
Of far-off torrents on the mountain-side,

And the wild harpings of the fitful winds —
These were their music. Oft at eventide
They listened to the voices of the pines
As angel-whispers, while their own glad song
Chimed with the wind and waves which bore its notes along.

How mightily the voice of nature thrills
The listening human heart! Around them there
Lay a dim world of shadows, such as fills
The soul with worship and constrains to prayer.
Through pillared cloister, and through dim arcade
Of pine-trees woven, as through tinted glass
In some old minster's aisle, the sunbeams strayed,
Mellow and beautiful; and 'mid the grass
Sweet-scented flowers of many a form and hue,
Unknown to other lands, beneath their footsteps grew.

And children came to bless the lonely place,
Filling the forest paths with sounds of joy;
And all the hopes and honors of their race
Seemed centering in their fair and noble boy.
Ah well! Of all the visions that beguile,
The fairest rise around the cradle bed;
And hopes that blossom in an infant's smile
With rosy chaplets crown the youthful head.
And so they dwelt content; like those above,
Their lives were calm with peace and beautiful with love.

PART II.

Around them dwelt the red men of the wood,
  Trapping the mink, or following the deer
Through the dim forest, where the hemlock stood
  Thick as a marshaled host, or o'er the clear,
Bright waters gliding in their swift canoe,
  Singing their songs of peace; for many a year
The war-whoop had not sounded, and they grew
  Familiar with the pale-face; wrong and fear
No longer stung the demon into life
Whose red hands flung abroad the firebrands of strife.

Chocorua, chief and prophet of his race,
  Had built his cabin on the mountain-side.
Haughty and fierce, he ruled with savage grace
  The Agiocochook people far and wide,
Who still with terror owned his regal sway,
  Though from his arm the strength of youth had fled;
For stronger grew within him day by day
  The wild, fierce power they feared, and it was said
That mighty spirits bowed to his control,
And to his eyes revealed the secrets of the soul.

Chocorua had a son, a fair young boy
  Who shared his wigwam and the mountain chase,
His love for him the only fount of joy
  In his stern bosom, for of all his race

He loved none other. He had seen a son
Fall by his side in fight, and now he knew
That in this child alone the current ran
That warmed his own fierce heart,and so he grew
To love him with that wild and passionate love
Which solitary souls like him alone may prove.

To Campbell's home — this was the exile's name —
The Indian boy with pleasure often strayed,
Bringing them simple gifts of mountain game,
Which they with beads and blankets well repaid.
He loved the mother's sweet and patient smile,
And voice so full of tenderness and love;
But more the little Mary, winsome child,
Whom he had fondly named the Blue-eyed Dove;
And his chief joy it was to sit for hours,
Braiding with her, bright wreaths of maple leaves and flowers.

One day with childish eagerness he drank
A sweet but deadly potion he had found
In Campbell's house, and hastening home he sank
In mortal agony upon the ground.
In vain his father, wild with anguish, tried
Each medicine and charm; in vain he prayed
And tore his thin gray hair. The boy died,
And he sank down, all powerless and dismayed,
Like one by lightning stricken; not a tear
Cooled the hot fires that burned within his bosom drear.

His blanket wrapped about his head, he lay
Silent and sullen on the wigwam floor;
Scorning complaint, he sternly thrust away
The hand that proffered sympathy, and bore
His grief alone; the while within his breast
He nursed his wrath until he seemed to see
The lost one's form in every wreath of mist,
To hear his voice in every murmuring tree;
And deemed that, when the wailing wind went by,
His spirit unavenged reproached him from the sky.

PART III.

The mellow fruit was falling on the hill,
The yellow corn was ripening in the field,
The wild vine bending o'er the babbling rill,
'Mid frosted leaves the purple grapes revealed;
The gorgeous maple in its robe of gold,
The crimson oak tree, and the sumac red,
Amid their fading glories, sadly told
That summer with its warmth and bloom had fled,
That all this glow, though fair it might appear,
Was but the hectic flush of the decaying year.

The morning prayer was said, the hymn was sung,
And from his home the father turned to part,
Yet lingered fondly, for around him clung
His fair young children; with a full, glad heart

He turned to bless them, saying, "Ere the sun
Shall wrap the crimson clouds about his face
And sink beyond the hills, my labor done,
I will return again to your embrace."
O came there then no warning on the blast,
No shadow o'er his soul from the sad future cast?

The sun was sinking, but his golden beams
Still lingered on the hilltops white with snow,
Whose shifting shadows rested on the streams
And darkening forests in the vale below,
When, ceasing from his toil, he homeward turned.
Treading with cheerful steps the forest path,
He climbed a hill from whence his eye discerned,
Not the blue smoke up-curling from the hearth
Of his dear home, but in its place, alas!
A dark and lurid cloud, a smoldering, fiery mass.

O God! The human heart has fearful power
To suffer and not break! What woe and fear
Were pressed into that agonizing hour!
What mute despair without a prayer or tear,
While, 'mid the embers of his ruined home,
He found the burned and mutilated forms
Of murdered wife and babes! The storm had come
And left him nothing, sweeping from his arms
All that he loved; and, speechless in his woe,
He sat amid the dead, and watched the long night through.

But pass we briefly o'er the funeral rite,
To which the settlers came from far and near;
Nor strive to tell, what none might tell aright,
The mourner's fearful anguish o'er the bier.
Stern men were there, unused to pitying tears,
Who wept with him above the sacred sod,
'Neath which they laid, with solemn hymns and prayers,
The beautiful to sleep, alone with God;
And, turning from the spot with ruins spread,
They spoke of vengeance dire upon the murderer's head.

PART IV.

Scarce dawned the morning o'er the mountains when
A bugle-blast rang out o'er rock and rill,
And from their log-ribbed cabins armed men
Came forth and gathered quickly on the hill;
Among them Campbell, stern and tearless, stood,
And boldly claimed to lead the little band,
"Though all unused," he said, "to scenes of blood,
Yet mine the wrong and mine the avenging hand;
And what to me, bereft of every tie,
When this day's work is done, remains there but to die?"

Brief words sufficed; and through the beechen wood
With eager steps they pressed, and gathered round
The spot where late Chocorua's wigwam stood.
It lay in smoldering ruins on the ground,
And then they knew their subtle foe had fled
Into the mountains. Thither on his track
They moved relentless, following where it led
O'er frowning rocks and precipices black,
O'er dashing torrents and through tangled wood,
Where th' white man's foot before ne'er broke the solitude.

High on a cliff that towered into the sky,
And overhung a fearful gulf below,
They found the red man, who with dauntless eye
Beheld the coming of his ruthless foe.
"Leap from the rock," the voice of Campbell cried,
"Nor wait thy death-stroke from the white man's hand."
"Dog of thy people!" fiercely he replied,
"Know that Chocorua not at thy command
Gives back his life to God. He will not fly,
Nor fawn to thee for mercy — he can proudly die!"

A rifle-shot rang out. A fearful cry
Burst from the Indian's lips, and while the tide
Flowed purple from his breast, with flashing eye
And hands outstretched, his wrathful words rang wide:

"Chocorua had a son, but where is he?
The white man slew him while the sun was bright!
Not unavenged his spirit cried to me!
The white man's house is desolate to-night!
And o'er your homes of perfidy and pride,
Know ye, the Indian's curse forever shall abide."

"My blood, which falls upon this rock, shall rise
And cry for vengeance till the Just One hear,
And he will thunder in the angry skies,
And shake the mildew on the ripening ear;
And ye shall tremble at Chocorua's name;
For in the tempest ye shall hear his cry,
And see his form amid the smoke and flame
Of burning homes where wives and children die!
And ye shall fall beneath the red man's hand,
And wolves shall eat your bones where now your cabins stand!"

He died pronouncing vengeful curses still,
While flowed life's current to its latest wave;
And there they left him on the lonely hill,
The prophet of his race, without a grave;
And it was said that round the fatal spot
His wrathful form was seen for many a year;
The hunter in the moonlight passed it not,
But from the angry phantom turned with fear;
And mothers told their little ones with awe,
Around the cabin fires, of what their fathers saw.

And o'er the valley, peaceful once and fair,
The terror of that curse was felt to rest;
The thunder spoke it on the midnight air,
The lightning traced it on the mountain's crest;
Their fields were blighted, and their cattle died.
Famine and sickness entered every door,
Their savage foes the midnight torch applied,
And stained the peaceful hearth with kindred gore;
And, shuddering, they confessed in every ill,
Chocorua's fearful wrath was resting on them still.

Weary at last in struggling with their woe,
The sad survivors left the haunted vale;
And brambles undisturbed were left to grow
Where wheat-fields late were waving in the gale.
The timid red deer sought the place again,
And fearless through the lonely valley strayed;
The gray wolf unmolested made her den
Upon the hearth where children once had played—
Chocorua's spirit walked the hills alone,
And desolation claimed the fearful vale her own.

The Legend of the Christmas Rose.

There was joy in the royal palace,
For, back with his shattered band,
Came the brave young Prince Rudolphus
From the wars in the Holy Land.

The hills were alight with bonfires,
The frozen fiords were aglow,
And the north-light's crimson lances
Had tinged the untrodden snow.

When with royal banners streaming,
And flash of the laboring oar,
In the welcoming harbor of Stockholm,
His good ships came to the shore.

There was joy for the prince returning,
As the news spread far and wide;
And joy for the Lord Christ's birthday,
For this was the Christmas-tide.

The king had summoned his vassals,
And gladly they came at his call.
To offer the prince their homage,
And to feast in the palace hall.

Ah, that was a royal banquet!
And the king, as he poured the wine,
Cried, "Tell us, O Prince Rudolphus,
Of the far-off Palestine.

"How speedeth the holy conflict
Where the Cross and the Crescent meet?
And what is the sin of Christ's people,
That the conquest is not complete?"

Then the prince, all scarred from the battles,
And wearing the Red Cross sign,
Recounted the terrible warfare
That raged round the holy shrine.

But the face of the hero was clouded,
And his brave eyes were dimmed with pain
As he cried, "I am heart-sick and weary
For the blood that is offered in vain.

"For envy is rending our banners,
Ambition and hatred and pride
Are leading our hosts to their ruin,
And shaming the Crucified.

"We have fought in the Holy City,
And its stones with our blood are red;
And over the mountains and deserts
The bones of our comrades are spread.

"But our prayers and our labors avail not;
The gain of the past is our loss;
The infidel mocks at our sorrow,
And the Crescent supplanteth the Cross.

" At midnight I knelt in the garden
Where the pitying Jesus had prayed.
Dismayed and o'erwhelmed by our losses,
I wept that his cause was betrayed;

" Then one, like a prophet, beside me
Said, 'The Christ is risen indeed,
And ne'er of this empty chamber
Will thy glorious Lord have need.

" 'Then weep not, but know that his kingdom
Comes not by the power of the sword.
He shall conquer and rule o'er the nations
By the might of his wonderful word.'

" Then stooping, he plucked up and gave me
This plant which had grown by my side,
And he said, 'To thy home thou shalt bear it,
And there, at the Christmas-tide,

" 'It shall bloom in its snow-white beauty
At the hour of the dear Lord's birth.
A sign that his love shall conquer,
And his peace shall reign o'er the earth.'

"Behold, o'er the seas I have borne it,
And here it will bud and bloom,
This plant of the southern summer,
In our winter's frost and gloom."

Next morn, in the palace window,
Bloomed the beautiful Christmas rose,
As pure as the water-lily,
As white as the mountain snows!

Said the mother of Prince Rudolphus,
The good and beautiful queen,
"Praise Christ for his love and mercy
In the miracle we have seen.

"Henceforth in our stormy north-land,
Till fighting and war shall cease,
At the Christmas-tide shall blossom
This beautiful sign of peace."

The Beautiful Slave, Hildee.

[*A Norwegian Legend.*]

The mountain afar was crowned with a star,
And robed in a mantle of white;
The moon hung low, like a bended bow,
Half-quenched in the red north-light.

And the bells rang wide for the Christmas-tide,
The gladdest tide of the year;
And the hearth was bright with the dancing light
Of the Yule-log blazing clear.

In the light of the flame the Norwegian dame,
With her children about her knee,
In a soft, low tune, sang the ancient rune
Of the beautiful slave, Hildee.

"Far over the sea, far over the sea,
Speeds the bark of King Horald the brave;
He plunders and burns—and now he returns
With Hildee, the beautiful slave.

"O Hildee the fair, with the bright golden hair,
And the beauty of lily and rose!
Fear not! O'er the sea, the Lord Christ with thee
Has come to conquer his foes.

"King Horald the brave has looked on his slave,
And his heart is like wax in her hand;
And he says with a sigh, 'Thy captive am I,
And thou art a queen in the land.

"'Instead of a chain, dishonor, and pain,
I will clothe thee with silk and with gold;
All my land shall be thine, but thy heart must be mine,
With its treasures of love untold.'

"Fair Hildee replies, as she lifts up her eyes
And reads all the love in his face,
'My God must be thine, for my heart is his shrine,
And no idol shall dwell in his place.'

"'Thy God, is he strong? How rights he the wrong?
Has he a hammer like Thor?'
'He is holy and wise, and the thunderbolt lies
In his hand — he is stronger than Thor.

"'He is gracious as strong, and he righteth the wrong
Of the world by his own sacrifice;
His kingdom is love. Like the blest ones above,
We live in the light of his eyes.'

"Cries the king, 'O my fair, an altar for prayer
I will build, and a church by the sea;
And my people no more shall their idols adore,
But worship the God of Hildee.'

"O Hildee the fair, with the bright golden hair,
O maid with the lily-white hand!
The Lord Christ with thee came over the sea,
And conquered the gods of the land."

The Convent Garden.

Untended, 'neath La Dama's walls, the convent garden lay,
And through the paths with weeds o'ergrown
Frere Lucca took his way.
He wore the knotted hempen cord, the sackcloth shirt and gown,
Naked his torn and bleeding feet, and bare his shaven crown.

His pale cheek told of solemn fasts, of cloisters lone and bare,
Of vigils through the midnight hours, of torture and of prayer;
But in his eyes there glowed the light of hopes and joys divine,
And his soul was strong with wondrous strength from the heavenly bread and wine.

"Dear Lord," he cried, "I have been blind, I have not known thy ways,
Nor seen that fasts and knotted scourge were less to thee than praise;
Since thou hast leaned so low to me, and shown thy heart of love,
I learn that loving work alone my love for thee can prove.

"No idle vigils hence for me, I fain my work would find,
And know, in all thy whitened fields, the task to me assigned."
"Low at thy feet," a voice replied, "the thorns and thistles grow;
No purple clusters load the vines, no fragrant lilies blow.

"Thy work is here with plow and spade to check the poisonous growth;
With gentle hands to tend the vines and lead the lilies forth.
Do this for Christ, and every bloom shall bear a balm divine,
And every purple cluster teem with sacramental wine."

"I thank thee, Lord," Frere Lucca cried. "Such joy to me is given,
To tend the lily-bowls that bear an incense meet for heaven,
To dress the vines that fill the cups with sacramental wine —
The wine that bears to contrite hearts the seal of love divine."

The Legend of the Narcissus and the Ox-eyed Daisy.

Again the fair narcissus blooms
  Within the garden's close;
Its tender flowers like roses sweet,
  And white as Alpine snows.
Again along the dusty paths
  And o'er the meadows green,
Braving the tread of careless feet,
  The daisy stars are seen.

They come when music fills the air
  And beauty robes the earth,
But sadly still they bring to mind
  The legend of their birth.
They were not of the Eden-flowers
  That crowned our mother's hair
When in her happy innocence
  She walked the garden fair.

But when before the flaming sword
  Our guilty parents fled,
Leaving the fair and odorous bowers
  Where heavenly balm was shed,

Out from the home of all their joys,
The garden rich and rare,
They bore the burden of their sin,
Their shame, and their despair.

The earth accursed, with sullen frown,
Received their wandering feet,
And not a flower in all their way
Sprang up their steps to greet.
Then deep repentance filled their hearts,
While tear-drops fell like rain;
And all the pitying love of God
Was moved to soothe their pain.

He said, "Where tears of Adam fall
Let ox-eyed daisies grow,
With sunlit hearts of yellow gold
And petals white as snow;
And, when the wandering sons of men
These starry blooms shall find,
Let them remember God is just,
But pitiful and kind.

And where the woman's contrite tears
Upon the earth shall flow
There let the fair narcissus bloom,
The solace of her woe;
And let her sorrowing daughters know,
Who see this fragrant sign,
That all their woes are felt in heaven
With pitying love divine.

The City under the Sea.

[*An Irish Christmas Legend.*]

When the yule-log burns on the cabin hearth,
And the Christmas moon hangs high,
The minstrels of Erin sing the songs
Of the wonderful days gone by.

They tell — and the children love to hear —
Of the giants mighty and tall
Who builded the causeway to Scotland's shore,
And the lofty pillared wall

Which guards the coasts of the Emerald Isle
When the winds and the waters rave;
And echoes the songs which the sirens sing
When they lure to a hidden grave.

They tell of a green and beautiful isle
In the sea that is seen no more.
The bridge of the giants touched its strand,
And bound it to either shore.

On this island a mighty city grew,
Proud in her strength and fair,
For her ships brought gold from far-off lands,
And riches beyond compare.

Her walls and her towers were strong and high,
Her palaces grand to behold,
But her people were vile, and her sins were deep,
Like the fated cities of old.

Yet God, who is merciful, willing to save
The vilest that turn to his Son,
Sent them John the beloved, the holiest of men,
That their obdurate hearts might be won.

It was Christmas Eve, and that holiest hour
Which gave to the earth her King,
And wakened in heaven a rapturous song
Which the angels forever sing.

That holiest hour, when the seraphim still
Bow lowest before his feet,
And, pondering the sum of his infinite love,
The wonderful story repeat.

In that holiest hour, on the shore of the sea,
Where the flames of the watch-fires rise,
The multitude gathered with shout and song
To the temple of sacrifice.

A beautiful maiden, crowned with flowers,
Was bound to the altar-stand,
And the Druid priest, with crimson robe,
Stood o'er her with lifted hand.

Then in their midst, by the idol's shrine,
The holy apostle stood,
And cried in the name of the blesséd Christ,
Forbidding the rite of blood.

He told of the King, of the virgin born,
And how on the cross he had died
To ransom a sin-cursed world from woe
And gather the lost to his side.

And his voice rang out, with the wonderful words,
"O city beside the sea!
In this natal hour the Lord Christ comes
And offers his grace to thee.

"If thou turn to him, he will wash thee white
In his own most precious blood;
But, if thou refuse, he will bury thy pride
And thy sins beneath the flood."

The answering shout from the surging crowd
Their hatred and scorn expressed;
And the murderous knife in the Druid's hand
Sank deep in the maiden's breast.

"O fated city!" the prophet cried,
"Thy hour of mercy is past."
And wailing voices, in loud lament,
Were heard on the rising blast.

Then down like a millstone the city sank,
  A thousand fathoms or more,
And over the homes of these sinful men
  The billows still dash and roar.

The minstrels say that the Christmas moon
  Shines down to their dark abode,
And gives to the lost ones suffering there
  A gleam of the mercy of God.

And the fisherman sees, by this holy light,
  The city's spires and domes,
And, crossing his breast, he prays for the souls
  That are still in their buried homes.

When the time shall come that a spotless soul
  By the full moon's meridian light,
In the very hour of the Saviour's birth,
  Shall look on this wonderful sight,

And pray for the captives under the sea,
  That hour the city will rise,
And the holy Saint John will come again
  From his mansion in the skies.

And the vilest scoffers will hear his words,
  And to Christ will bow the knee;
And naught will be fairer in all the earth
  Than the city raised from the sea.

The Image of Christ.

[*A Christmas Legend.*]

Francisco had fled from the palace, a-weary of pleasure and fame,
For the love of the pitying Jesus had kindled his heart to a flame.
In the depths of a solemn cloister — afraid of temptations and snares —
He sought for the peace of heaven, with fasting and midnight prayers.

One morn as he walked in the garden, and wept that his prayers were vain,
He heard in the open valley the moaning of one in pain,
And there he found a young man, whom robbers had left as dead;
In his arms he tenderly raised him, and bore him to his bed.

He watched him for weeks as a mother might watch o'er her suffering child;
He told him how Jesus had suffered, and the story his pain beguiled.

As health returned to the stranger his heart grew
rich with Christ's grace,
And with earnest vows to serve him he went from
the holy place.

Francisco, no longer busy with the work of mercy,
was sad.
No peace from fasting and vigils, nor joy from his
prayers he had.
He said, "I will make me an image of Jesus, my
glorious Lord,
So fair it shall be that the vilest will turn from their
sins at his word."

So he labored with chisel and hammer to hew from
the marble a form
Whose beauty should honor his Master and hasten
the world's reform.
For years, his hands unresting, with loving patience
he wrought,
But he found not the high ideal which his longing
heart had sought.

. . . . . .

He was old and worn and weary, alone in his deso-
late cell,
But he sprang from his couch with gladness at the
sound of the Christmas bell;

The marble form was before him, with marks of his
toil and pain,
And he cried, "O Lord, forgive me; my labor has
been in vain.

"And now, on this blessed morning, when thy
presence seems so near,
I've naught in my hands to give thee of all thou
hast lent me here."
And then, in the gray of the morning, his cell grew
suddenly bright,
And he saw a form before him that glowed with a
heavenly light.

He knew him, the youth he had rescued and nursed
through those midnights of pain,
To whom he had told the story of Christ and the
infinite gain.
He saw him, though once so polluted, all white
through the heavenly grace,
And the love and glory of Jesus shone in his beau-
tiful face.

Then a voice which he knew was the Master's
said, "Grieve not, thy work is divine;
My image is not in the marble, too gross for a ser-
vice so fine;
But here is a soul immortal, which thou in thy love
hast won;
Thou hast graven my image upon it. Behold the
work thou hast done."

The Covenanters.

[During that terrible and bloody struggle through which the church of Scotland passed in the reigns of Charles II. and James I., the Covenanters were hunted like wild beasts, and murdered with as little mercy. Alexander Peden, one of the ejected ministers, wandered over the wilds of Scotland, till, exhausted by his suffering, he threw himself on the grave of his friend, Richard Cameron, who had been killed by the king's soldiers, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, "O that I were with thee, Richard!" When he died a few friends buried him in the night by the side of his friend.]

O'er the desert bleak and wild,
Where the heath-flower never smiled,
  Fled the hunted pastor;
O'er the mountain and the moor
Walked he, friendless, sick, and poor,
  Like his homeless Master.

Banned and outlawed, scorned, reviled,
He had borne, with patience mild,
  Loss of all things dearest;
Heard he then the Master's word,
"Like the servant was the Lord
  Whom thou lovest and fearest."

Paused he by the cottage gate,
Worn and weary, where of late
  All had joyed to meet him;
Maid and matron, weeping sore,
Dared not bid him pass the door,
  Dared not even greet him.

Murderers watched on every side,
Fierce for blood and evil-eyed,
  Like the mob in Jewry —
Death to him who gives him bread,
Death to him who shields his head
  From the tempest's fury.

Banished from the homes of men,
Wandering through a lonely glen
  Where the sods were gory
With the blood of martyrs slain —
Blood in Scotland flowed like rain
  In those days of story —

O'er a mound beneath whose sod
Slept a murdered friend of God,
  Paused he, faint and dying —
Stretched upon the dewy ground,
Shades of evening gathering round,
  And the wild winds sighing.

He had borne with nerves of steel
The oppressor's iron heel,
  He could bear no longer;
It had worn and crushed his life,
And he wearied of the strife,
  Battling with the stronger.

Cried he, "Freed from pain and fear,
Sweetly sleep'st thou, brother, here,
I would sleep beside thee!
Fail the righteous from the land—
Terror reigns on every hand!
Evil days betide me!

"Father, hear a suppliant cry,
Bid me lay mine armor by,
Cease from toil and weeping;
On the cold earth's quiet breast,
Give thy weary servant rest,
With the martyrs sleeping!"

Midnight wrapped the earth and sky,
Midnight closed the soldier's eye,
When the few who loved him,
Stealing forth like guilty men,
Laid him in that lonely glen
With the turf above him.

Scotland, thou hast many a grave,
Where thy children true and brave
Slumber still and lowly—
Glory in thy precious trust!
God himself doth guard the dust
Of the martyrs holy.

The Bible in the Desert.

[*A true incident.*]

O'er many a wild and burning plain, o'er many a rocky hill
Where never waves the golden grain nor leaps the murmuring rill,
By many a hungry lion's den, the traveler urged his way,
And in a dark and barren glen he paused at set of day.

Not his ambition's feverish dreams, nor his the thirst for gold.
He sought no hidden source of streams nor mines of wealth untold—
He came, impelled by heavenly love, to seek for gems divine,
Gems which, removed to realms above, in Jesus' crown may shine.

Sons of the desert dwelt around, dark men of savage mood,
And at their doors in vain he sought for shelter and for food.
Fainting with hunger and with toil, with grief and fear oppressed,
Unsheltered on the dewy soil, he laid him down to rest.

"Watch o'er me, O my God!" he cried, "Thy servant looks to thee,
And on thy mighty arm relies for strength and victory!"
That prayer was heard, and He who sent the fainting prophet bread
Prepared that in that desert wild his servant should be fed.

A dark-browed woman came and stood beside his rocky bed.
"Stranger, arise and eat," she cried, "for God has sent thee bread!
My people sleep within their tents, the stars are in the skies,
The hungry lion roars afar—stranger, I bid thee rise!"

Astonished, he arose, and bowed his head in grateful prayer,
And from her tawny hand with joy received the welcome fare.
"Woman," he said, "what moved thy heart for my sad fate to care?
When at their doors I sought for food, thy people spurned my prayer.

"My God hath sent thee — though unseen, his angels hover near.
O would that thou, in this lone wild, his gracious words might hear!"
"His gracious words!" the woman cried, "his words are all my joy,
And in this savage solitude his praise my lips employ.

"Long years ago, thy race among, I dwelt beside the sea,
And heard with joy the wondrous words which there were told to me —
O wondrous words of that fair land beyond the deep blue sky,
Where there are none who mourn and weep, and there are none who die!

"They taught me, and my heart received with joy
the words they spake,
And deemed that o'er my people soon the light of
morn would break;
But they, alas! they hate the truth, and flee the
light of day —
They tore me from my teacher's side and bore me
hence away.

"And here, amid my Saviour's foes, year after year
I dwell;
I never hear the voice of prayer, nor bless the Sab-
bath bell."
Then spake the traveler, "Tell me whence thy
faith hath grown so strong,
What fountain feeds the holy flame within thy
heart so long?"

Joy sparkled in her faded eye, and fast the tear-
drops rolled,
As from her bosom forth she drew a *Bible*, worn
and old.
"Behold the sacred source of life whence all my
joys are drawn —
The light that o'er my pathway shines, bright as
the wing of morn.

"My kindred scorn me — here I read how Jesus did
declare
That, for his sake, his friends must learn hatred
and scorn to bear,
And when alone I bow me down, his gracious voice
I hear,
'Come unto me, thou weary one, for I am ever
near.'"

The uprising moon looked gently down on that
unsheltered wild;
And the bright stars of Afric's sky above them
sweetly smiled.
They parted — and, when morning dawned, the
traveler went his way,
His heart with precious memories fraught to bless
life's after day.

PART IV.

In Memoriam.

Rev. J. Phillips, D. D.

The war-worn veteran waketh
On the battle-field no more;
He hath laid aside his armor,
His toil and strife are o'er;
He hath passed the pearly portal
Where death may never come,
And in the golden city
He rests with Christ at home.

In the days of early manhood
He heard the Master's call
To bear the cross-wrought banner
Beyond the outer wall.
Though weak and faithless servants
To the call might answer, "Nay,"
His heart was brave and loyal,
To hear was to obey.

With firm and noble purpose
He took his work of life,
And bore the sacred banner
To the field of sternest strife,

Where mighty hosts were marshaled —
The hosts of death and sin —
But he met them all undaunted,
"For Christ," he said, "must win —

"The Captain of salvation
Must conquer on this field;
And he who bears his standard
May die but must not yield."
Through forty years of conflict
That tried the bravest heart,
Through pain and toil and sorrow,
He bore a hero's part.

Not his the timid skirmish,
The weak defense within,
He charged through storms and darkness,
And stormed the holds of sin.
O'er crumbling idol temples
He placed the holy sign,
And in the midnight kindled
The light of truth divine.

And when, all worn and weary,
He left the field to die,
With soul aflame for Jesus,
We heard his battle-cry;
No faint nor faithless murmur,
No word of doubt or fear,
"On, on!" he cried, triumphant,
"The victory draweth near!

"India is sure for Jesus!
The glorious truth proclaim —
Press on, for he is calling,
And conquer in his name!
India is sure for Jesus!
The foe begins to yield!
O rally for the conflict,
And take the promised field."

His lips are hushed in silence,
His weary feet at rest,
And his hands are meekly folded
On his ever tranquil breast;
But still his words, resounding
And echoing from the skies,
Rebuke our selfish slumbers,
And summon us to rise.

O, who hath caught his mantle?
And who hath heard his call
To seize the holy banner
His dying hands let fall?
This is no time to falter,
No time for weak dismay,
India is sure for Jesus!
O Christian, work and pray!

Rev. E. Hutchins.

[*To Mrs. M. M. Hutchins, on the death of her husband, Rev. E. Hutchins.*]

To thee, dear sister, in thy great affliction,
The depth of which no other heart may know,
My spirit turns with silent benediction,
And asks to share the burden of thy woe;

Or, if I may not, yet some consolation
I fain would bring thee in thy hour of need,
Strengthening to bear this mournful dispensation,
Which bows thy spirit like a broken reed.

Then let me say, what thine own heart approveth,
Bidding thee bow before the will of God;
Knowing that, though "he chasteneth whom he loveth,"
The hand of mercy ever holds the rod.

To him thou mourn'st, the pure and tranquil-hearted,
Death brought no terror and the grave no fear;
True had he lived, and calmly he departed,
To seek the glories of a higher sphere.

The coming of the dread and solemn angel
To him was not unwelcome or unkind;
He heard the summons as a glad evangel,
And only wept for those he left behind.

Ah, then take comfort, for thy heart forever
Will hold the memory of his precious love
A sacred presence like an angel's ever
Linking the pleasant past with joys above.

But not alone on thee hath fallen this trial—
The church mourns with thee for a leader dead,
A friend proved true in many a self-denial,
A light gone out, a holy presence fled.

In distant lands the heralds of salvation
Will in thy sorrow and thy tears have part,
And souls redeemed from heathen degradation
Will hold his memory with a grateful heart.

The fettered slave, the outcast poor and lowly,
Will weep with thee, for they have lost a friend;
And on his humble grave an offering holy,
The blessing of the friendless, will descend.

He is not dead! We feel his presence ever,
We hear his teaching as in days gone by;
And, by this influence that forsakes us never,
We know our friend and brother could not die.

O let this joyful thought assuage thy sadness,
And lift thy vision to the better land,
Where wait the loved and lost, with songs of gladness,
To hail thee welcome to their happy band.

William Burr.

I know that in the narrow house he sleepeth,
Afar from mortal joys and mortal fears;
Nor answereth e'en the undying love that keepeth
The flowers above his pillow wet with tears.

I know full well, beyond the pearly portal
Which shuts the golden city from our eyes,
Forever blest, he dwells with the immortal,
Where beauty never fades, nor friendship dies.

And yet, so deeply is his memory graven,
Time has no power the record to efface;
His influence dwells with us, the while in heaven
He sees the glory of the Father's face.

For, with a patient zeal and love untiring,
He labored faithfully through good and ill,
Asking not honor, nor to wealth aspiring —
He sought alone to do the Master's will.

With lamp all burning and his sheaves around him,
He heard the midnight cry the Bridegroom sends;
The summons came unheralded, but found him
Robed for the feast where Jesus meets his friends.

And when, with sorrowing hearts and tearful faces,
We heard the tidings that his work was done,
We said, "The Saviour to his own embraces
Has called the servant whom his grace has won."

O gracious Lord, beneath thy wing abiding,
And closely pressing to thy wounded side,
Help us, with patient trust and love confiding,
To do thy will though good or ill betide!

So may we hope when this brief life is over,
And all the work thou givest us is done,
That thou, O Jesus, pitying friend and brother,
Wilt crown us with the joys which he has won.

Mrs. Frances Waldron.

She is gone from the earth, our sister beloved!
And, gazing through tears, we follow her flight,
As upward and onward, in gladness and glory,
Like a star in the morning, we lose her in light.

O could we have seen the white wings of the angels
That hasted to meet her and bear her away!
O could we have heard the anthems of welcome
That greeted her ears at the portals of day!

Then the mourner bereaved, in his desolate sorrow,
Would lift up his heart to join in their psalm;
And his tears, if they fall, would reflect on the future
The bow which inwraps it in promise of calm.

In the dew of the morn, in the bloom of her beauty,
The strength of her young heart was given to God;
Unselfish and faithful, undaunted and loving,
She followed the path which the Lord Christ had trod.

He led her through sorrow, baptized her in suffering,
"Till the dross was consumed and the gold was refined,"
And with wonder we saw, in her furnace-tried spirit,
The graces and beauty of Jesus enshrined.

She has gone from the earth! She is done with its sorrows!
In the glorified city she dwells with the blest!
And following, steadfast in every temptation,
Through the grace of our Lord, we will share in her rest.

Mrs. Ethloine M. Abbott.

O sad new year, that finds us broken-hearted,
Gazing through tears upon thy stormy sky,
How has the beauty from our lives departed!
Our hopes, how are they crushed which rose so high!

So suddenly hath God withdrawn the treasure
He graciously had lent to us a while,
That we, who thought to hail these hours with pleasure,
Do find them dark and sad without her smile.

A few short months agone, in bridal beauty,
We saw her standing in the festal light,
Plighting her youthful heart to love and duty,
And deemed that earth had ne'er a fairer sight.

A soul of pitying kindness, like an angel,
Allied her even here to those above;
And all her life seemed like a sweet evangel—
A holy psalm of gratitude and love.

"So pure, so sweet, for her the breeze is sighing,
The flowers are fairer for her sake," we said —
We could not see the darkening shadow lying
Across the pathway where her footsteps led!

Yet in our sorrow there is consolation,
And from the dust celestial hopes arise,
Which fill our hearts with grateful resignation
And lift our tearful vision to the skies.

She is not dead! Ah no — the mournful story
Which tells our loss proclaims her heavenward flight,
Where waiting angels ope the gates of glory,
And crown her with a diadem of light.

And Christ, who loves her with a sweet affection,
Than all our mortal love supremely higher,
Enrobes her in his own divine perfection,
And gives her place in the celestial choir.

Capt. Henry H. Ayer.

[Capt. Ayer fell near Drury's Bluff, Va., and was buried by his companions in arms, on the battle-field, before their hasty retreat.]

With faithful hearts, which would not leave the form
So loved and honored 'neath the foeman's tread,
They paused amid the battle's awful storm
To find a refuge for the gallant dead.

While bugle-notes were sounding wild and free,
And charging columns shook the field of death,
They made his grave beneath a forest tree
Whose leaves were trembling in the cannon's breath.

They smoothed the pillow where his head might rest,
Nor sounds of battle ever reach his ear,
And piled the crimson turf upon his breast,
Which never more might thrill with hope or fear.

"Peace to thy soul, our brother and our friend,"
They said, "and soft thy slumber in the grave;
Sweet be the dews that on this sod descend,
And green the boughs that o'er thy pillow wave!"

And then, with eyes that found no tears to weep
Amid the horrors of that direful day,
They left him to his long and dreamless sleep,
And turned with heavy, aching hearts away.

Martyr of freedom, though no marble tell
To future years how nobly thou hast died,
Yet will thy country guard thy memory well,
And bless the spot thy blood has sanctified.

And though the hearts that now in anguish break
May never pour thy tears above thy head,
Yet will kind nature gently for their sake
Plant sweetest summer flowers around thy bed.

And when the day shall come, the glorious day,
That peace and liberty walk side by side,
Then shall the ransomed nation proudly say,
"This is the boon for which our heroes died."

Mrs. N. S. Cheney.

Friend of my early years, beloved and faithful,
Strong, pure, and brave, she passes from our sight;
The victory's won — she stands with the immortal,
And joyful rests within the gates of light.

Wisely and well she made her early choice,
To walk with Jesus in the narrow way;
And, bravely following in his shining footsteps,
He led her up to the eternal day.

No careless idler in the needy vineyard,
No selfish waster of the Master's gold,
With earnest faith, with active hands unsparing,
She sowed the seeds of harvests manifold.

But work was joy — the Master asked a service
For all but brave and saintly souls too great.
He bade her show by long and patient suffering
How they may serve "who only stand and wait."

And when he saw his own divinest image
Reflected in her spirit, sorrow-tried,
He said, "'Tis well," and, in his arms infolded,
He bore her gently through the whelming tide.

And, with the angels in the golden city,
Before the throne he gave her fitting place;
Where, free from sorrow, free from sin's pollution,
She sees the glory of the Father's face.

O sainted soul! Not lost, but only hidden
Beyond the veil that mocks our feeble sight;
Not lost, but wrapped in the eternal splendor,
Even as a star is swallowed up in light.

So in our grief is sweetest consolation,
And, while we weep, we joy that she is blessed;
And, following on, we hope, through Christ's great mercy,
That we sometime may share her glorious rest.

President Lincoln.

A cloud of sorrow rests o'er all the land,
And, while we mourn our proudest hopes laid low,
O God, we bow beneath thy mighty hand,
Which mingles in our cup its joy and woe.

Alas! alas! The brave and generous heart
Which bore us safely through those hours of fear
Hath in our conflict now no longer part,
For thou hast called him to a higher sphere.

The dark and silent shadow of the tomb
Sweeps over earth and sky, so lately fair,
And sobs are heard amid the gathering gloom,
And cries of woes that rend the quiet air.

The orphaned nation, hopeless in her grief,
Sends up her wail beside the open grave
So soon to hide the father and the chief
Whose hand hath led her through the Red Sea's wave.

But he hath graven his memory on the page
Of a great nation's history, and the blaze
Of his all-radiant life shall crown the age
With light and glory through all coming days!

And it shall be a lofty beacon light,
Bidding the poor and outcast ne'er despair —
Pillar of flame amid the world's long night,
Kept ever burning by the breath of prayer.

O God, we thank thee, 'mid our bitter tears,
For the great benison of such a life —
A name that ever, through the coming years,
Shall nerve the patriot in the hour of strife.

Toll mournfully, O solemn funeral bell,
And give a voice to our unuttered woe!
No more the nation's joy and triumph tell,
But speak of hopes that fail and tears that flow!

J. L. Phillips, M.D., D. D.

[Dr. Phillips was born in Balasore, India, in 1840, and died at Mussoorie, among the Himalaya mountains, June 25, 1895.]

Alas, alas! Dead in his own fair land,
His own belovéd India! O'er the wave
There comes a wail of sorrow from that grave
Among the everlasting hills, which stand
Around his bed like sentries tall and grand,
With ever watchful eyes to guard his rest.
Like Moses, he went up at God's command
Into the mountain, and at his behest
Laid down the great commission he had borne
To lead his host. India with sore dismay
Will mourn her son; and, when the glorious morn
He helped to kindle brightens into day,
Pilgrims around that lonely grave will press,
Henceforth a sacred shrine to those he died to bless!

Rev. Thomas Spooner.

O brother well beloved! O sainted soul!
With tear-dimmed vision we behold thy flight
Out from earth's shadows into glory bright—
Out from this narrow sphere into the whole
Broad realm where endless years uncounted roll.
No more for thee, beloved, the weary fight
With pain and wrong. Forever in the light
Of Christ's face, thou art with the blesséd throng
Who fill the highest heaven with joy and song.
We weep, and yet, remembering thou hast won
The victor's crown, we say, God's will be done—
His blesséd will which never can be wrong—
And all our tears are for the hearts bereft,
The mourning church, the work which thou hast left.

Mrs. Daniel Wendell.

Gone from our sight! As fades the blasted blossom,
As falls the sear-leaf from the wind-swept tree,
Driven back, and buried in earth's quiet bosom —
O sister! This is not our thought of thee!

Gone from our sight! Lost in the blaze of morning
Which wraps thee in its everlasting light,
O'erwhelmed and hidden in the glorious dawning
Of that blessed day that never fades in night!

And yet we weep, for God withdraws the treasure
So suddenly which we had thought our own;
And thy remembered goodness is the measure
Of our bereavement and our blessing flown.

O gentle face, so sweet with heavenly beauty!
How can we veil it 'neath the mournful pall?
O patient hands, so diligent in duty!
Who will take up the work which they let fall?

Who will go forth among the poor and lowly,
Who seek, like thee, the erring souls to save?
Who, following in the pathway strait and holy,
Shall share thy spirit, gentle, pure, and brave?

O sainted soul, on us the sorrow falleth,
The silence, and the loss beyond compare,
But 'tis the Master's gracious voice that calleth,
And we will hush our troubled hearts with prayer.

We will be patient, and assuage our sadness,
Knowing that thou forevermore art blessed;
And, following in thy footsteps, hope with gladness
That we sometime may share thy peaceful rest.

Rev. David Marks.

Alas! alas! and can it be that thou art with the dead?
That thou, from all who loved thee here, hast like a vision fled!
Ah, little deemed we that so soon the shadows of the tomb
Should shroud thy glorious noonday sun in everlasting gloom—
That thou, in life's high prime shouldst fall, as a tempest-riven tree,
Ah, little deemed we that so soon the grave would shelter thee!

Ere in thy sky the golden tints of morning all were dead,
Or from thy path its balmy dew or fragrant breath had fled,
Thou with a willing heart didst turn from earthly snares away,
And on the altar of thy God thyself an offering lay;
And, like the Hebrew prophet, thou didst early learn to know
Jehovah's voice, though it were heard in whispers soft and low.

'Tis but as yesterday we saw thy kindled brow and eye,
As thou, with steady hand, didst bear the gospel banner high,
And on the stormy battle-field, when Zion's foes were near,
Wert cheering on the scattered hosts, thy cheek unblanched with fear;
For thou, with heaven-wrought panoply, didst arm thee for the strife,
Prepared for Jesus' sake to spend thy honor and thy life.

How often has thy warning voice been here among us heard,
And by thy thrilling eloquence our spirits deeply stirred!
Aye, round our hearths and o'er our hills thy heavenly words have rung,
And many a listening multitude have on thy accents hung;
And in our hearts, like holy fire, thy fervent thoughts have burned—
They were not of the earth, and hence they have to heaven returned.

God called thee 'mid thy faithful toil to lay thine armor by,
And, ceasing from thy earthly work, to join the hosts on high,
And 'mid thy dying strife a strain of holy triumph rose,
As when, to seek his happy home, a care-worn exile goes;
For light from that celestial world was o'er thy spirit shed,
And angels round thy humble couch their glittering pinions spread.

No more, no more the fainting frame the restless spirit chains,
Nor night, nor sleep from its high work, thy angel wing detains,
Thou art amid the hosts who bow around Jehovah's throne,
Rejoicing to obey his will and make his glories known.
And loud thy rapturous songs arise amid the holy choir,
For even here, like his of old, thy lips were touched with fire.

Farewell! we know that thou art blest, and yet our
tears will flow,
For Zion's sake we hoped that thou wouldst longer
dwell below.
Love casts its offering on the sod, which now doth
cover thee.
But faith, with joyous eye, looks up thy angel form
to see.
And hope illumes with holy light thy mansion in
the dust,
And waits till from its cold embrace immortal life
shall burst.

PART V.

Poems Written for the Young.

Eden.

O beautiful garden of God,
  Unscathed in thy glory and pride!
Where the feet of the innocent trod
  With the angels that walked at their side.

How tall were thy feathery palms!
  How sweet were thy bending fruits!
How bright the river, with ripples and calms,
  The river that watered thy roots!

O beautiful garden, aglow
  With the smile of Infinite Love!
Thy lilies were whiter than snow,
  And tall as the lilies above.

Thy roses, with hearts all aflame,
  Were sweeter than Araby's balms,
And the innocent souls, without blame,
  Were clothed in thy heavenly charms.

The Raven and the Dove.

The raven sprang from the window,
  Elate with the open view,
And, stretching his strong black pinions,
  Swept over the waters blue.

He was glad to escape from his prison,
  To look on the sun and sky;
And he perched on the craggy summit
  Of the mountain bleak and high.

No thought of the long year's shelter,
  No love of his dusky mate,
Could draw him away from his freedom —
  Alone he would watch and wait.

But the dove, with his white wings weary,
  His ruffled and storm-swept breast,
Brought back the leaf of the olive
  To the loved one left in his nest;

Brought back the token of mercy,
  The sign of Infinite Love;
And the world, repeating the story,
  Will ever remember the dove.

Hagar.

On her brown and shapely shoulders
The water and bread she bears,
And away to the lonely desert,
With her outcast son, she fares.

With her face towards her native country,
They walk through the sultry land,
Sleeping at night unsheltered
On the hot and barren sand.

But the way is long and weary,
The bread and the water fail;
And the child, in the thorn-tree's shadow,
Sinks down with a hopeless wail.

And this dark-eyed daughter of Egypt,
With the wealth of her raven hair
Flung down o'er her shoulders and bosom,
Turns from him in dark despair.

But God is anear in the desert;
He hears their piteous cry,
And an angel calls to the mother,
"Arise, for the child shall not die."

She hears the sweet voice in her anguish,
And looking, with glad surprise,
She sees a fountain of water;
For God has opened her eyes.

Abraham Offering Isaac.

They're alone on the desolate mountain,
The desert around them lies;
And the angel that hovers above them
Looks downward with pitying eyes.

They have builded the altar together,
The patriarch father and son—
Unanswering, ready to suffer
That the will of Jehovah be done.

The boy, in his innocent beauty,
Prepared for his terrible faet,
Lies down on the pile, unresisting,
The stroke of the knife to await.

It is lifted! The angel no longer
Keeps silence, but cries out, "Forbear!
Not thy son, but the lamb in the thicket,
Is the sacrifice thou shalt prepare!"

O wonderful, wonderful picture,
Undimmed by the mists of the years!
The type of a faith that is perfect,
To the world it forever appears.

Rebekah at the Well.

The sun, so fierce at the noontide,
  Glides gently down in the west,
And the clouds, like somber shadows,
  Hang over the mountain's crest.

The way has been long and weary
  Over the Syrian sands,
But now at the well of Nahor
  The servant of Abraham stands.

By the watering trough, though empty,
  The thirsty camels kneel;
And through the quivering palm-trees
  The evening breezes steal.

He stands with his head uncovered
  And his hands upraised in prayer;
And lo, while he speaks, there cometh
  A maiden of beauty rare.

Dark eyed and slender and graceful,
  She goeth straight down to the well,
And filleth her heavy pitcher
  Where the crystal waters swell.

The stranger bows low and salutes her,
And begs for a drink from her hands;
And she hastily lowers her pitcher
As before him she modestly stands.

The camels, at sight of the water,
Moan low in their desperate need;
And, moved by a sweet compassion,
She giveth them drink with speed.

And, speechless with joy and wonder,
He looks on the matchless fair,
And boweth in grateful worship
To the God who had heard his prayer.

Does she dream in her innocent beauty,
As he gives her the jewels of gold,
That through the unnumbered ages
Her story shall still be told?

That she shall be mother of nations
And kings of glorious fame,
And the birth of the world's Redeemer
Shall be linked with her deathless name?

Jacob at Bethel.

Weary and worn with his journey,
He places a stone for his head,
And under the sky, star-spangled,
Lies down on his lonely bed.

He sleeps in the dewy darkness —
But lo! To his dazzled sight
The heaven is opened above him,
Revealing its glory and light.

He sees the wonderful ladder
Connecting the earth and the sky,
And the angels coming and going,
Or on white wings hovering nigh.

And he hears the voice of Jehovah,
In marvelous words of grace,
Renewing the promise of blessing
To the nations of earth through his race.

And he cries out in wonder and joy,
"How hallowed and dreadful this spot,
God's house and the gateway of heaven!
He was here and I knew it not."

Daniel.

He is true to his God and his conscience,
  He has served the king without blame;
But his foes, with pitiless hatred,
  Have doomed him to torture and shame.

Yet he stands like a rock in the tempest,
  Unmoved by its fiery breath—
He is strong in the strength of Jehovah,
  And calm in the presence of death.

The wild beasts are savage and hungry,
  Their eager eyes blaze with delight,
And their strong jaws are open to rend him
  When he shall appear in their sight.

But look! They are palsied with terror!
  They are chained by invisible hands!
The lion is crouching before him,
  And awestruck the lioness stands!

The angel of God is among them,
  They feel and acknowledge his might!
And the prophet, secure and untroubled,
  May sleep through the darkness of night.

The story comes down through the ages,
  And we gather its lesson sublime—
God's servants are never forsaken,
  They may trust him in every clime.

Seeds.

You are sowing your seeds in the fields,
In the furrows so moist and deep;
But a seed is a wonderful thing,
And that which you sow you must reap.

Look well to the seeds in your hand,
The germs of the evil and good,
Nor carelessly sow what you dare
Not reap in the harvest of God.

If you sow to the perishing world,
You must gather its ashes and dross;
If you sow to the wandering winds,
The whirlwinds bring sorrow and loss.

But blessed are you if you sow,
To the Spirit of infinite love,
Those seeds that shall blossom in joy
And ripen in glory above.

The Narrow Way.

O, broad is the beaten highway,
  And tempting the paths of sin,
Where the pitfalls are covered with roses,
  And the multitude walk therein.
But hearken, O youthful traveler,
  To the voice that cries, "Beware!"
And turn to the narrow pathway,
  Ere thy feet are caught in the snare.

Say not it is steep and thorny,
  'Tis the path which the Lord Christ trod,
The way is bright with his footsteps,
  And will lead thee up to God—
Up to the land immortal
  Where sighing and sorrow cease,
Up to the golden city,
  The beautiful city of peace.

Work.

O boys, do not shirk!
Would you win, you must work;
  For the prizes of life hang high;
But the strong and the fleet
And the diligent feet
  May climb to the upper sky.

The way may be steep,
But he who will keep
  The purpose of life in his view,
Through patience and grace
Will be strong for the race,
  And the work God gives him to do.

You must hew out the stairs
With labor and prayers
  By which you ascend to the height.
And the task of to-day
Will help on your way,
  If you do it with all your might.

Then work for the right,
And walk in the light
  Which heaven pours down on your way;
With God on your side,
No ill can betide,
  So hopefully labor and pray.

On the Beach.

Above their heads the cloudless sky
  Hangs like a sapphire dome,
And 'neath their feet the glittering sands
  Are wet with spray and foam.

Like gems that deck the ocean's breast,
  Fair, glittering isles are seen,
Clothed in their vails of silvery mist,
  Or bright with golden sheen.

The swift-winged plovers skim the waves,
  The clamorous curlews cry,
And gallant ships, like things of life,
  With snowy wings go by.

O'er fields of corn and meadows green
  The landward breezes blow,
And through the trees, whose trembling leaves
  Make murmurs soft and low.

By fingers moved that know each chord
  In all its vast domain,
The ocean chants a solemn psalm,
  Or shouts a bold refrain.

A careless crowd moves here and there,
Fair women, proud and gay,
And men who from the busy marts
Are resting for a day.

And in their midst a little child,
With eyes of heaven's own blue,
That seem, beneath her golden hair,
To hold the sapphire's hue.

With seaward glance and clinging hand
She cries, "O mother, stay!
And, resting on this moss-grown stone,
Hear what the billows say."

The wondering mother looks away
Across the restless sea,
And says, "I hear the waters roar,
They have no voice for me."

"No voice! O mother," cries the child,
"Listen, I pray, and hear!
The billows clap their hands with joy,
And shout that God is here.

"And I can see his shining hand
That moves above the sea,
And I can see his feet that walk
Like Christ's on Galilee."

O blessed souls, so pure and sweet,
O childhood, full of grace!
Does not the Saviour say of you,
"Their angels see God's face"?

The Myrtle.

By the side of a stately lily,
With blossoms as white as the snow—
Sweet cups where the bees loved to linger—
Grew a myrtle, modest and low.
Its leaves were green as the emerald,
Its blossoms were blue as the sky;
But it trailed on the earth, nor aspired
To aught that was lofty or high.

One day, looking down, the white lily
Her humble companion espied;
"Thou art fragrant and lovely, my darling,
O, why not climb higher?" she cried.
The myrtle looked upward, her blue eyes
All wet with the dew of the morn;
"God gave me just this place," she whispered,
"No other should I adorn.

"I lie here content in the summer,
And bask in the sunshine and rain;
And the storm, that may wreck all thy beauty,
Can give me no terror or pain.

Though lowly, my charms are perennial,
Nor will fade at the touch of the frost;
My leaves will be green and enticing
When all thy glory is lost.

"And when winter shall come to the garden,
And strip it of flowers and fruits,
I will cling round thy stems, though in ruins,
And mantle thy shivering roots;
So again, when the summer returneth,
Thou wilt blossom, my queen of delight,
And I, lying low in thy shadow,
Will be glad in the beautiful sight."

The White Robe.

O Mary, my beautiful darling,
  Enrobed in thy garments of white,
Remember, these vestments of linen
  Are emblems of glory and light.

A grace on thy youth and thy beauty
  Their pureness and whiteness bestow,
But there's a robe purer and whiter —
  Aye, purer and whiter than snow.

Thy spirit hath need of a garment
  All free from defilement and stain,
And this is the robe that is cleansed
  In the blood of the Lamb that was slain.

This robe, wrought in matchless perfection
  By the fingers of Infinite Love,
Washed whiter than snow of the mountain,
  Is worn by the blest ones above;

By the prophets who talked with Jehovah,
  Whose foreheads were sealed with his name;
By the saints who from prisons and torture
  Went up in their chariots of flame.

For this is the robe of the highest,
In beauty and glory complete;
And they sing of His love who hath wrought it,
While they cast all their crowns at his feet.

This garment is pure as the heavens,
And bright as the archangel's wing;
It is fit for the great marriage supper,
For those who sit down with the King.

And the dear Lord gives for the asking
This robe that is whiter than snow;
But the infinite cost and the value
The seraphim never may know.

A Winter Day.

One morning I said, when the sun arose
And smiled on the earth in her cold repose,
"She is not forsaken, nor quite bereft!
Look on the beautiful things that lie
So close to her bosom and do not die,
Her darlings the summer has left."

But a cloud rose out of the sea that day,
Which wrapped the sky in a mantle gray
And quite eclipsed the sun;
And the North Wind rushed from his hiding-place,
Seizing the earth in a fierce embrace,
Which turned her bosom to stone.

Then his heart, though cold as his icy wing,
With pity relenting, he said, "I will bring
A mantle to wrap her from sight;
Her frozen face I will cover deep,
And the buds in her bosom shall safely sleep
Through the long cold winter night."

Then upward he sprang, and breathed on the cloud
Whose skirts hung low o'er the hills like a shroud,
And the vapor was changed to snow,

Feathery and soft, and he swept it down
Over the earth so naked and brown,
And we said, "How the wind does blow!"

And the children, peeping through misty panes,
Out o'er the hills and the whitening plains,
Cried, "O, welcome the beautiful snow!
It is making a road on the steep hillside,
Smooth as the marble, where we will ride.
With a shout and a song as we go!"

The First Snow.

She stood in the open doorway, my Mary, sweet and fair,
With eyes upturned to heaven, like a pictured saint in prayer,
While the first soft snow of winter fell on her golden hair.

With voice of awe and wonder, "O mother!" I heard her cry,
"Come quick; for the bread of heaven is falling out of the sky!
And now we need not hunger, and now we need not die!"

Sweet Mary, the little maiden, is grown to a woman fair,
And now of the bread of heaven her Father gives her a share,
And she breaks the loaves he sends her to the needy, and does not spare.

Baby Going To Sleep.

"Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo bye"—
While the mother rocks and sings
There's an angel drawing nigh,
Bearing slumber on his wings.

"Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo bye"—
He has touched her lips with calm,
And the silent shadows lie
O'er them softly, breathing balm.

"Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo bye"—
Now he fans her eyes so blue,
Blue and tranquil as the sky,
Soft as rose-leaves wet with dew.

"Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo bye"—
Dewy curtains pure and white,
White as lilies, softly lie
O'er the blue eyes shut from sight.

And the shadowy gates unclose,
Opening to the dreamland fair,
Where the crimson roses bloom,
And their fragrance fills the air.

See the rosy, dimpling smile!
O'er her face it flits and gleams—
Who can tell what baby sees
In that wondrous land of dreams?

Sing, O mother! rock and sing!
Thankful for the heavenly grace;
For the pure one in thy arms
May behold the Father's face.

Who Has Been Here?

[*Written after a storm of sleet.*]

Who has been here, with such a lavish hand
Flinging these diamonds over all the land,
And dressing every tree
In sparkling robes and gems so bright, I ween,
They might be envied by an eastern queen,
If one this sight could see ?

I've sometimes heard of bright and gorgeous bowers
Where fairies dance amid the golden flowers
Beneath the midnight sky ;
I wonder if their queen was here last night,
Decking our forests with these diamonds bright
And gems of every dye !

Look ! e'en the humblest shrub or broken bough
Weareth its crown of regal splendor now,
And where the sunbeams fall
A flood of glory meets my dazzled sight,
A sea of crystal mixed with living light !
'Tis bright and glorious all !

Christmas Carol.

"In the east a gray light prophesies the morn;
Up, and hail the daylight, Christ the Lord is born!"
Thus a little maiden caroled soft and low,
On a Christmas morning, while the falling snow
Whitened all the hillside and the meadows low.

"Up, and hail the daylight — Christ the Lord is born!
Sing a glad hosanna on this happy morn."
While she sang, a stranger, passing by the door,
Heard the Christmas carol which long years before
Saintly lips had chanted, lips that sang no more.

"Up and hail the daylight!" Could he yet arise?
Would the morning glory burst upon his eyes?
Eyes which sin had closéd, could they see the light?
Heart which crime had darkened blacker than the night,
Hardened like the millstone, could it be washed white?

Then he paused to listen while the maiden sung
That triumphant anthem which at midnight rung,
O'er the plains of Judah, from the angel's tongue—
"Glory to Jehovah for the Saviour's birth!
He hath brought salvation, peace and joy to earth!"

"He hath brought salvation!" While the sweet
notes stole,
Awing, thrilling, melting, to his inmost soul,
Low he bowed, and, lifting up his hands, he cried,
"Thou hast brought salvation, O Saviour crucified!
Thou hast paid my ransom! I live, for thou hast
died."

There was joy in heaven on that Christmas morn,
For a sinner savéd, for a soul new born;
There were hallelujahs 'mid the ransomed throng,
And the earth to heaven answered with a song,
"Glory to our Saviour! Speed the notes along!"

The Joys of Autumn.

The dusty wayside flowers are dead,
The fields are bare and brown,
The maple wears her golden robe,
The oak her crimson crown,
And silently and languidly
Floats by the thistle down.

O rare, sweet days, when purple grapes
O'erhang the quiet rill,
When nuts, amid the rustling leaves,
Are falling on the hill.
When boys and girls, with merry shouts,
Their heavy baskets fill.

O rare, sweet days! I seem to see
My childhood far away,
When I was like these little ones
Who run and sing and play;
When I went nutting on the hill,
As they have done to-day.

O happy days of childish joys
When all the world is fair;
When eyes are bright, and feet are swift,
And hearts are free from care!
O children dear, I hear you laugh
And all your pleasures share!

But day by day, with silent steps,
Like me, you journey on,
Leaving the sunrise land of dreams,
The dew and mist of morn;
And soon your earth-worn eyes will seek
The bright, eternal dawn.

The Chickadees.

How the north wind howls and blows!
How it sweeps the drifting snows!
  All is cold and dreary;
Yet the little chickadees
Flutter through the leafless trees,
  Brave and bright and cheery.

Not a robin in the June
Sings a more contented tune,
  Not a lark is clearer;
Not a sparrow seems more blest
In her daisy-covered nest,
  With the strawberries near her.

Brave and happy little birds
Mind us of the gracious words
  Which the Lord hath spoken;
Of his loving, tender care
Towards the humblest things that are,
  They are proof and token.

He who hears the ravens cry,
Listens to the faintest sigh
  Of the soul that loves him —
Not a sparrow falls unseen,
Not a creature is so mean
  But its sorrows move him.

The Sailor Boy.

She was standing—the sailor's mother—
On the shore of the restless sea;
And she cried in fear,
As the storm drew near,
"Will he never come to me?

"O tell me, ye sea-green billows,
That have rolled from shore to shore—
That have kissed the ships
With your foaming lips,
Will he come to me no more?

"Ye winds that have swept the ocean,
From the north to the southern pole,
Have ye torn his sails
With your pitiless gales?
Have you driven his ship on the shoal?

"O ye cruel, cruel billows!
Have ye swept o'er my darling's grave?
Lies his young head low
Where the sea-weeds grow?
My sailor so strong and brave!

"Have pity, O winds and waters,
And whisper your secrets to me —
Have you spared my boy,
My hope and my joy?
Will you bring him home to me?"

The winds and the waters answered —
She heard in her inmost soul —
"God holds in his hand
The sea and the land,
And we bow to his control."

Then saw she with joy and wonder,
Afar on the stormy sea,
A fluttering sail
That breasted the gale
Like a bird with pinions free.

And straight through the foaming breakers
It bore to the welcoming land,
And with joy she cried —
Her boy by her side —
"God holds the sea in his hand!"

The Valley of Sunset.

I have been in the land of the sunrise,
  Dew-spangled and sweet with flowers;
Where the bird of hope sings always
  In the ever-blooming bowers.

O the beautiful land of the sunrise,
  Inwrapt in the morning glow!
But I wandered away from its borders
  So long, O so long time ago!

In its cool and fragrant pathways
  My unresting feet might not stay;
But they bore me onward and upward
  Where the blaze of the noontide lay.

And fair was that land of the noontide,
  With its roses so red and sweet!
But the bird had ceased her singing,
  And the thorns entangled my feet.

I might not pause on the summit
  Nor rest on the height I had won;
For my feet were drawn to the valley
  That lies towards the westering sun.

So away from the sweet red roses,
And away from the ripening grain,
I have come to the valley of sunset,
And wait in the darkening plain.

I wait, and the sun declineth,
And the shadow around me lowers
Whose touch, like the frost of winter,
Has blasted my autumn flowers.

The sounds of the strife and tumult
Of life grow faint and afar,
But my window that looks on the sunset
Discloses a rising star —

It is not the star of the sunset —
There's a glow like the dawn of day,
And my heart grows glad in its radiance,
As I patiently watch and pray.

For I know that the day is dawning
Which never will fade in night,
And the golden gate will open
To the land of immortal light!

And so, though the day declineth,
At the shadow I am not dismayed,
But here, in the valley of sunset,
Wait joyful and unafraid.

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